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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

SEVENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association;

FOR

1879;

AND, THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. WILLARD H. REES,

TOGETHER WITH

THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. R. C. GEER, AND
OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

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SALEM, OREGON:
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
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CONSTITUTION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

We, the members of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION, do hereby adopt this Constitution as the fundamental law by which the proceedings of this Association shall be governed.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known by the name of the OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE II.

The objects of the Association shall be to collect, from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among its members.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall consist of President, Vice President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and Treasurer, who shall form the Executive Board; and a Board of five Directors, including the President and Vice President, who shall be ex-officio members of the same. All officers of the Association shall hold their respective places for one year, or until their successors shall have been elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association, and in case of his absence or inability so to act, the Vice President shall preside. The President, with the concurrent opinion of a majority of the Executive Board, shall have power to call special meetings whenever, in his judgment, the best interests of the Association shall demand it, countersigning all calls for the same;

also, all orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Secretary, and perform such other duties as the Association may, by resolution impose upon him.

ARTICLE V.

The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all proceedings of the Association, sign all orders drawn upon the Treasurer; also, all calls for meetings; shall file copies of all letters written by himself on special business, touching the objects of the Association, and faithfully preserve all communications which he may receive relating to the Pioneers and history of the Territory of Oregon, and perform such other duties as shall be imposed upon him by resolution at the meetings of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

The Treasurer shall receive, and safely keep, all moneys belonging to the Association, pay all orders properly signed by the President and Secretary, and keep books for the correct statement of his accounts.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Executive officers and Board of Directors, at such time and place as he may designate, and the Secretary shall notify the Directors for what purpose they are to convene. It shall be the duty of the Directors to select the place of holding the Annual Re-Unions of the Association; to receive and examine the annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and have power to require semi-annual reports from the same, and perform such other duties as may by resolution in annual session be imposed upon them.

ARTICLE VIII.

All immigrants, male and female, who reside within the bounds of the orignal Territory of Oregon, under joint occupancy of the country by the United States and Great Britain, and those who settled within said Territory prior to the first day of January, 1855, are eligible to become members of this Association.

ARTICLE IX.

All persons having the qualifications set forth in the preceding Article, choosing to become members of this Association, are required to subscribe their names in the Register kept for that purpose, or may forward the same to the Secretary to be recorded, giving the date of his or her arrival in the Territory of Oregon, where from, native State or country, and year of birth, and pay an admission fee of one dollar ($1.00) and a yearly due of like amount at each annual meeting; *Provided*, that no admission fee or yearly due be exacted from

female members of the Association ; but all members are required to furnish the Secretary with their photographs on becoming members, or as soon thereafter as convenient, the same to be arranged in groups to accord with the date of arrival of each year's immigration, and to be preserved with the memoirs of the Association.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Board to select annually a Chaplain, Occasional and other orators, Chief Marshal, and such subordinate officers and invited guests of the Association, as in its judgment may be proper and necessary for the occasion of each Annual Re-Union.

ARTICLE XI.

The time of holding the annual meetings shall be June 15th, except when that date falls on Sunday, in which event the Re-Union shall take place on the following Tuesday. And it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give at least sixty days' notice of the same, through the medium of the public press, stating the time and place designated for such purpose.

ARTICLE XII.

The officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot at the annual meetings. The candidates having a majority of the votes cast, shall be by the President declared duly elected. And it shall be the duty of the President to appoint two members to act as tellers, and conjointly with the Secretary and his assistant, shall receive and canvass the votes.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall, at each annual meeting, make an appropriation out of moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, sufficient to enable the Secretary to provide the officers of the Association with suitable books, stationery, and stamped envelopes, as may be necessary to enable them to discharge the duties of their respective offices, and to meet all outstanding indebtedness or incidental expenses incurred in conducting the business of the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.

This Constitution, defining the objects of the Oregon Pioneer Association, the powers and duties of its officers and members, shall not be changed or amended except by a two-thirds' vote of the members voting in the affirmative at the annual meetings of the Association ; but the members may, by resolution, require the President to appoint a committee of three members to revise and report an amended copy of this Constitution at the annual meeting next ensuing, and if

the copy so reported, or any Article or Section thereof, shall receive two-thirds of the votes cast, it shall become valid as the fundamental law of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to procure from the author of each Annual Address, a manuscript copy, the same to be preserved with the archives of the Association; also, manuscript or printed copies of each regular address delivered by special invitation of the Board; and all papers read before, or presented to the Association, to be in like manner preserved.

ARTICLE XVI.

The Association, in its deliberations, shall be governed by rules made in conformity with parliamentary usage.

SEVENTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

The seventh Annual Re-Union of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held on the Oregon State Agricultural Fair Grounds, on Tuesday, June 17, 1879.

Early in the morning, crowds commenced to arrive from all parts of the country, and the trains from Portland and Albany, enlarged the crowd by at least 2,000 that had already assembled.

Upon the arrival of the train from Portland at 10:30 A. M., the procession was immediately formed under the supervision of Hon. Daniel Clark, in the following order:

Washington Guard Band.

Standard Bearer.

President and Vice President.

Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Oregon.

Invited Guests.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

Divisions of members who came from 1841 to 1854, with appropriate banners.

Friends of the Association.

The procession marched to the grove and took seats about the Speaker's stand.

Among the prominent Pioneers present, were Gen. Joseph Lane, Judge M. P. Deady, Col. J. W. Nesmith, Rev. John S. Griffin, Joseph Watt, Esq., Hon. F. X. Mathieu, Gen. Joel Pal-

mer, Hon. M. Crawford, Rev .Josiah L. Parrish, Judge Reuben P. Boise, and others.

Hon. M. Crawford, President of the Association, was introduced by the Chief Marshal, and in turn introduced Rev. J. S. Griffin, who offered a well-timed and feeling prayer.

After music by the band, the President, Mr. Crawford, advanced and delivered the following

OPENING ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

Again we meet to exchange congratulations, to renew associations, and to recall incidents connected with the early history of our adopted country.

These anniversaries, forming as they do the mile-stones on the rapidly descending path of the pioneers life, should be, as this large assembly proves they are, highly appreciated by all those of us who have shared in the work of laying the foundation of our now prosperous State.

While we have abundant reason for pride and congratulation in the rapid advances we have made and are making in population, wealth, intelligence and the general development of all that is calculated to make life desirable, we have to mourn the loss of very many of our early comrades and pioneer companions.

The last year has fearfully decimated our numbers, warning us that very soon these banners will one by one be laid aside for want of standard bearers for the years they represent.

But four of the party who crossed the Rocky mountains with me in 1842, are here to-day, and there are now living within the State less than one-fifth of the fifty-one men able to bear arms who mustered at our organization in camp near Independence and marched out with about an equal number of women and children on the then trackless and almost unknown desert, bound for Oregon.

To mention all the worthy Pioneers who have passed away to meet no more around our camp fire, would require more time and far more ability than I can command.

Their memories should and will be perpetuated in biographical sketches prepared by friends and relatives, and published in our Annual Transactions.

I may be pardoned, however, for mentioning the name of one who recently died in California.

Dr. Elijah White came to Oregon as a missionary in 1837. In 1841, he returned to New York, and the following winter was appointed sub Indian Agent for the territory west of the Rocky mountains. From him, I first heard of Oregon, and with him, thirty-seven years ago, I left my father's house in the State of New York. He was the organizer and leader of the emigration of 1842, which was the first party of emigrants that crossed the Rocky mountains with families for the purpose of settling and remaining in Oregon.

On his arrival, he entered actively into the affairs of the settlement, rendering every assistance in his power to the needy, and endeavoring to prevent and settle difficulties between the settlers and the Indians.

He remained in Oregon some five years, and finally located in San Francisco, where he died on the 3d of April last, aged seventy-three.

Friends, we have great reason to thank the circumstances that influenced our coming to this country. The sun of heaven shines on no spot of earth equal to Oregon. Free from insects, pestilence and tornadoes, with a soil and climate unequaled—home and home comforts within the reach of all who put forth even a moderate degree of energy and prudence—certainly we have great cause for congratulation. Let us not then grudge one day in each year to come up here face to face, and for a few hours live over again the scenes and experiences of the long past pioneer days.

But it is not what may be said from this stand that gives the chief interest to the occasion—it is rather the opportunity it offers to meet in the groves and around the camp, to talk of the past and the present—of our homes and of our families.

One of the objects of this Association as set forth in the second Article of its Constitution, is to collect from living witnesses, such facts relating to the Pioneers, as may be deemed worthy of preservation. And as the first American emigrants found in this valley many settlers eminently worthy of being remembered, your Directors have invited one to whom this Association is most indebted for its existence, and who is eminently qualified to tell us of the people found here by the first American settlers. I will now introduce Hon. Willard H. Rees.

The address of Mr. Rees, who was unable to be present, was acceptably read by Mr. F. M. Bewley.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Shortly after 12 o'clock, several large parties of Pioneers and others arrived, swelling the assembly into a crowd and giving to the grounds a holiday aspect, remindful of the merry days of "fair time."

At 1 o'clock, the exercises were opened by music, after which Hon. Ralph C. Geer was introduced and delivered the Occasional Address, upon the immigration of 1847. His remarks referred especially to the trip across the plains and to the public services and personal fortunes of the men who came in that year. It was interesting and well delivered, and throughout was received with attention, occasionally interrupted by applause.

After the delivery of the Occasional Address, the President gave a brief account of the crude manner of coining the money known in the days of the Provisional Government as "beaver money."

Gen Joseph Lane was then introduced, and gave a brief outline of his connection with the history, written and unwritten, of Oregon; also recounting some of the incidents of the Mexican war. The General's remarks were listened to with interest and were highly applauded.

Short addresses were made by Hon. J. Quinn Thornton, Rev. J. S. Griffin and Gen. J. W. Nesmith.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., the Washington Guard band took the stand and gave a most excellent musical concert.

EVENING AT THE FAIR GROUND—CAMP-FIRE TALK—AND A GRAND BALL.

The "camp-fire" has become a fixed feature in the programme of the Pioneer Re-Unions, and is looked forward to with increasing interest. A large number of the early Pioneers and their friends gathered around the camp-fire and spent between

three and four hours in relating incidents of frontier life ; but it was unanimously voted, that Mr. Joseph Watt was the "boss" story teller and ballad singer.

The grand ball in the Pavilion was a success in every way ; a hundred and twenty tickets were sold, and the large hall was filled with merry dancers. Excellent music, good order and a merry time made the time fly swiftly by, and it was not till the "we sma' hours" that parting words were said.

SECOND DAY.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., the Association was called to order and the Recording Secretary read the following report:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION,
SALEM, June, 16, 1879.

Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

In this, the seventh Annual Re-Union of this Association, your Secretary would beg leave to submit the following:

I would suggest that the time of membership be extended to January 1st, 1855, as any person who has lived in this State for a quarter of a century, should be considered a Pioneer.

This Association has received a magnificent photographic groupe of the members of the Sacramento Pioneer Society, consisting of 109 photographs of its members. And it would be desirable to have a similar group of the members of this Association, and they can be obtained for $5.00 or less, which would be almost invaluable; each person, either lady or gentleman who would wish to become a member can subscribe for a copy, furnishing their photographs, (cabnet size), numbered and name, with year of arrival printed on the bottom of the picture, which will readily show where each person can be found in the group. By examining the picture of the Sacramento group, a better understanding will be had of the suggestion.

DEATHS.

There has quite a number of the Pioneers of this State died within the last

year. The following are the names of members of the Association: William Whitney, Richard H. Eakin, Stephen Tarbox, Gov. George L. Curry, Isaac N. Gilbert, Hon. Edwin N. Cooke, Simeon Smith, Capt. Richard Hobson, and Mrs. J. A. Hanna. Pioneers who were not members, Hon. John S. Zieber, Soloman Tetherow, Mrs. Tebitha Crump, C. Auston Williams, Dr. Elijah White, M. G. Foisey, and others I have not now the names, as there is not that interest taken in sending the names to the Secretary that should be.

INDIAN RELICS.

I would again renew my recommendation that an effort be made to collect relics of the Indian tribes who formerly peopled this beautiful country; by making a move in the right direction, a collection could be made ere it is too late, which would prove to be of inestimable value in future years.

MEMBERSHIP DUES.

By order of the Board of Directors, your Secretary sent out notices to all the members who were in arrears for dues, that the post office address was known, but I am sorry to say, that but a very few have responded, but presume that all who are present at this, the seventh Annual Re-Union, will take pride in liquidating the same.

I am happy to state that this Association is on very friendly terms and correspondence with the different associations of this State and California; the latter especially, and by these exchanges of courtesies, will be enabled to furnish each other in time with valuable information.

Respectfully submitted,

J. HENRY BROWN,

Recording Secretary.

On motion, the report was adopted.

Mr. John M. Bacon, submitted the following report as Treasurer, and on motion, the following gentlemen were appointed as Finance committee to examine the same: J. W. Grim, Thomas Townsend and Nathan P. Mack.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 17, 1879.

To the Menbers of the Pioneer Association:

I again submit my annual report as Treasurer of the Association, for the past year:

1878. RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To balance on hand as per report	$ 51	
"	" am't received from J. Henry Brown, Sec'y	74 00	
"	" " " " " Waite, (license)	155 00	
"	" " " " " Ball	218 00	
17	" " " " " J. M. Moore, 1 year's dues	1 00	
1879.			
Mar. 15,	am't received from J. H. McMellen, 2 years dues	2 00	
			$450 51

DISBURSEMENTS.

June 15,	Paid warrant No. 1, Chamberlain	$ 3 00	
"	" " " " 2, Minto	2 00	
"	" " " " 3, Printing	3 50	
"	" " " " 4, Bill posting	2 40	
"	" " " " 5, Hauling	2 50	
"	" " " " 6, Door keeper	2 50	
"	" " " " 7, Titus	5 00	
"	" " " " 8, Wright & Bristow	2 00	
"	" " " " 9, Gate keeper	6 00	
"	" " " " 10, Printing	28 34	
"	" " " " 11, McCully	3 25	
"	" " " " 12, R. M. Wade	2 82	
"	" " " " 13, Wm. Graves	1 00	
"	" " " " 14, Waite	212 66	
"	" " " " 15, Loan	10 00	
"	" " " " 16, "	10 00	
"	" " " " 17, "	20 00	
"	" " " " 18, "	2 50	
"	" " " " 19, "	10 00	
"	" " " " 20, "	12 50	
"	" " " " 21, Geo. Williams	7 50	
"	" " " " 22, J. F. Miller	9 75	
"	" " " " 23, J. H. Brown	20 00	
"	" " " " 24, "	20 00	
"	" " " " 25, "	20 00	
"	" " " " 26, Waite	25 00	
			$449 22
		$ 5 00	
	Paid expenses, J. M. Bacon, 1878		5 00
1879.			
June 17,	To balance on hand	$ 1 29	

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

On motion, the Association proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

M. Crawford, President.

J. W. Grim, Vice President.

J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary.

Willard H. Rees, Corresponding Secretary.

John M. Bacon, Treasurer.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Thomas Montieth, of Albany.

F. X. Mathieu, of Butteville.

Joseph Watt, of Amity.

On motion the Association adjourned.

M. CRAWFORD, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

The Finance Committee to whom was referred the Treasurers' report, submitted the following report to the Board of Directors after the adjournment of the Association, which report, on motion was adopted:

Mr. President, and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

We, the undersigned committee appointed to examine the accounts of J. M. Bacon, Treasurer of 1879, have examined them and find the same correct.

J. W. GRIM,
THOMAS TOWNSEND,
NATHAN P. MACK.
Committee.

SALEM, June 18, 1879.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

SALEM, Oregon, Dec. 2, 1879.

Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association, met at the Recording Secretary's office, pursuant to call of the President, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., was called to order by Vice President, J. W. Grim.

Present—J. W. Grim, Vice President, F. X. Mathieu and Joseph Watt, of the Board, and J. Henry Brown, Recording Secretary, and several visiting members.

Absent—M. Crawford, President; Thomas Montieth, of the Board, and J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

The question of location of place of holding the next Annual Re-Union being the first business, the following proposition was placed before the Board for consideration:

PORTLAND, Oregon,
Dec. 1, 1879.

Joseph Watt, Esq., Director of Pioneer Association of Oregon:

DEAR SIR.—At your request, I have seen a number of leading citizens, and am authorized to say that if you will hold your next meeting of the Association at Portland, Oregon, the Mechanics' Pavilion, together with music for street parade and ball, will be furnished free of charge.

Respectfully yours,

AL. ZIEBER.

After some discussion, the subject was laid upon the table until the evening session.

On motion, adjourned until 1 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment, Hon. J. W. Grim in the chair.

On motion, Hon. J. W. Nesmith was chosen to deliver the Annual Address.

On motion, Rev. G. H. Atkinson was chosen to deliver the Occasional Address, pertaining to the immigration of 1848.

Rev. John S. Griffin was chosen Chaplain.

Hon. Al. Zieber was elected Chief Marshal.

Geo. W. Ebbert, of Hillsboro, Joseph Holman, of Salem, and Ben. Cornelius, of Forest Grove, were chosen Standard Bearers.

On motion, adjourned until 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Board met pursuant to adjournment.

President Crawford who arrived on the evening train, presiding.

Subject of locating the next Annual Re-Union was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Watt, it was decided to hold the same at Portland, Oregon, on Tuesday, June 15, 1880, and that the proposition made by the citizens of that city be accepted.

On motion, M. Crawford, F. X. Mathieu and Joseph Watt were appointed Committee on Printing.

On motion, 1,000 copies of the Association's Transactions for 1879 were ordered printed.

On motion, the price of ball ticket to Pioneer ball, was placed at $2.00 not including supper.

On motion, the Committee on Printing were authorized to receive bids for printing the Transactions.

On motion, it was ordered that the Constitution be reprinted.

On motion adjourned.

M. CRAWFORD, *President.*

J. HENRY BROWN, *Recording Secretary.*

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. WILLARD H. REES.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION :

Having been invited by the Executive Board to deliver the seventh Annual Address before the Association, upon the subject, "The early settlement and settlers settlers of French Prairie." While feeling no disposition to shrink from the labor and responsibility which would be incured by complying with the wishes of the Executive Managers, I stated in reply to the letter of invitation, that I would prepare a paper, taking as a basis the subject suggested, and place the same at the discretion of the Board, as in consequence of ill health, there was a probability of my not being present on the occasion of the thirty-third anniversary of the day we commemorate. The officers of the Association making no objection to this condition, I have the honor, fellow members, to lay before you the following remarks.

The early Pioneers of Oregon could not well contribute toward the accomplishment of a more praisworthy object, than the one set forth in the second Article of the Constitution, which gave to your Association an organized existence, namely, the collection and preservation of facts relating to the Pioneers and early history of the Territory of Oregon. The efforts required in the consumation of so laudable an object, is truly a work worthy to crown the labors of a generation fast passing away, a generation of Pioneer men and women, who, unaided by any government or other organization, brought from their homes in the Atlantic States over the wild intervening mountains and plains, a distance of two thousand miles, and successfully established in a savage wilderness upon these Pacific shores, the arts of civilized life as they existed in their Eastern homes. You, Pioneers, have lived in what must ever remain one the most important and eventful periods in the history of the North Pacific States. A generation whose like under the many strange vicissitudes through which it has passed, this continent will never again behold.

When we recall to mind the events that were taking place around us a third

of a century ago, leisurely reviewing the many strange scenes and perilous exposures which the early emigrants had to encounter and overcome in making that ever memorable journey of the wilderness, the hardships and privations which they endured for years after settling down among the wild tribes of the furtherest west, to give a full and faithful account of the anxieties, sufferings and final triumphs of these Pioneers would to say the least, fill a liberal sized volume with historical facts, which would be of much interest to those who are to succeed us.

It is truly gratifying to state that much credit is due to the young people and friends of the Pioneer Association for the material assistance which they have on all occasions so cheerfully extended in aiding the Pioneers, to forward the objects of the organization ; nor are we unmindful of the many favors which the Association has received at the hands of the public press, and especially the *Oregonian*, the oldest living pioneer paper—a survivor of Oregon's Territorial days—for the alacrity shown by its management in publishing full reports of your annual meetings. The Pioneers are also indebted to the managers of the State Agricultural Society, for the free use of their commodious buildings and park, in which these Annual Re-Unions have been held since 1874.

I purchased from a Canadian Frenchman in the summer of 1845, the farm in French Prairie, upon which I have since lived. At that time, I had the contract of building the St. Louis Catholic church, situated on the western border of what was known as Big Prairie. This church, unlike St. Paul's, located some seven miles west of north, was not erected by the assistance of Missionary funds, but by the Canadian settlers.

My early location among this people gave me a favorable opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of the many strange vicissitudes in the lives of these brawny sons of the chase. With one or two exceptions, all the first settlers of French Prairie, were then living, and were hail, active old men ; generally surrounded with a good supply of the common comforts of life, a few had built comfortable frame dwellings, which were neatly painted and had large bearing apple trees. These old Canadian voyageurs were a very kind people ; they dispensed with a liberal hand alike to stranger and friend the rude hospitality of those primitive times, to a degree unknown to the country since the disturbing innovations that swept over their Eden home in 1849-50, borne from the gold-glittering Sierras of the south.

French Prairie, comparatively limited in extent, is nevertheless a prolific field, abounding in many stirring and important events in connection with the early history of Oregon. Here have lived and now lie buried, two of that gallant band of Pioneers, who, with Lewis and Clark, in 1805, followed the waters of the Columbia from their source to the uttermost limits of the West.

Here were the homes of Gervais, Lucier, Cannon, Jack, and on the west side of the river, Labonte and Lafranboise—four Canadians and two American citizens, all Astor men, who came to Oregon with Capt. Hunt in 1811, some of whom were with McKinzey, when this part of the territory was first explored by white men, and in later years, with the exception of Lafranbois, these five free trappers were the first to introduce the civilizing arts of husbandry in the valley of the Willamette. Here the Pioneer Missionaries, who were sent to the western confines of the continent, first proclaimed the salvation of the Cross to the wild native tribes of the valley. Here too, were held in 1841, the first political meetings which eventuated in 1845 in giving to the whole people of the Territory a provisional form of republican government, a work of the Oregon Pioneers, the history of which must endure while the River of the West shall continue to roll his volumed waters to the briney deep.

In the time which one could reasonably expect to claim the attention of the members upon the subject in hand, it will hardly be expected that I could on this occasion attempt giving more than a mere outline of leading events, with sketches of some of the principal persons to whom we are indebted for establishing the first independent settlement in the original Territory of Oregon.

We were told by Col. Nesmith in the able and very valuable historical address which he delivered before you in 1875, that "It seems to be an accepted maxium and doubtless with some foundation in reason, that no man is qualified to write the history of the times in which he lives." When we take a retrospective glance at our early history, and compare it with certain statements and deductions reached by some of our cotemporary writers who unveil the deep hidden intrigues, bringing so graphically to view the well formed plans which, had it not been for the timely efforts and hurculean powers put forth by a few individuals who alone possessed the sagacity and courage to counteract the wiley schemes matured at the court of St. James, backed by the great influence of a powerful foreign monopoly in our midst, directed by Dr. John McLoughlin —to read some of these productions at this distance of time, our children might be led to believe, that had it not been for the timely and well directed efforts of these individuals, their progenitors with half a continent would have long since been engulphed in a sea of dark despair. But hapily for the future, Col Nesmith a little further on, had the kindness to inform us, that to get "a truthful record of current events, requires the conservative and mellowing influence of time to render them perfectly impartial and reliable." This being the case, then the correcting hand of time, like the all searching rays of the sun when looking down from his meridian splendor, dispels the illusive mirage that had in the early morning hung over the distant scene, by which small and otherwise unimportant objects had been so wonderfully magnified.

It is not detracting from the truthful, unequaled accomplishments of the early immigrants to say, that while the pioneer settlement of Oregon by immigrants crossing the plains in such large numbers, had the effect to hasten or rather forced the termination of the joint occupancy of the country, it also had a more direct and effective influence in suggesting and securing to the United States the magnificent domain of California, than it did in forcing the ultimate acknowledgement by Great Britain of the prior clear title of the United States to the territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude.

On ascending the Willamette river from its confluence with the Columbia, a distance of some forty miles, the Champoeg prairies were the first open country of any considerable extent found bordering on the stream, which placed this prairie district in comparatively easy communication with ship navigation and Fort Vancouver, the only depot in the country where supplies could be obtained, which was also the only regular market for peltries and wheat, with all the conveniences in other respects for planting an agricultural settlement, combined with hunting and trapping, no part of the vast Territory of Oregon had been by the hand of nature more bountifully favored.

French Prairie forms what is now the northern part of Marion county, and is divided into eight precincts, embracing an area of some 150 square miles, bounded on the north and west by the Willamette river, east by Pudding river and south by *Lac la Biche* or Elk Lake, so named by the early Canadian trappers who found large herds of these animals grazing on its borders.

This marshy lake flows into both Pudding and Willamette rivers, making what was originally known as the Champoeg country, a magnificent inland island, while the middle and southern portion of this district is comparatively level, the northern part is divided by never failing spring brooks into many long, narrow prairies, bordered with fir and oak timber, being sufficiently undulating to give natural drainage. French Prairie is justly celebrated for the productiveness of its soil and never failing crops. Sixty-six years have passed away since these prairies were first explored by white men; some of the same hunters and trappers who, fifteen years later commenced selecting here their permanent homes and become the founders of the first independent settlement in the Willamette valley or the Territory of Oregon.

Mr. President, there is a discrepancy in statements with regard to date of commencing the French Prairie settlement. Permit me to give in corroboration of what I learned from Dr. McLaughlin and the settlers themselves, the proof fixing the date by men yet living. The venerable Donald Manson, who arrived at Vancouver, Jan. 6. 1825, now a resident of Champoeg, says: "I married Felicite, eldest daughter of Etienne Lucier, in October, 1828. Her father was

then living on his land claim two miles above Champoeg, where he had settled in the fall of 1827."

Hon. F. X. Matthieu, residing near Butteville, first President of your Association, who came to Oregon in 1842, in company with Capt. Medorum Crawford, present presiding officer of this Association, says: "On my arrival in Oregon, I lived the following two years with Mr. Lucier, who told me he had lived upon his farm fifteen years when I reached his home in the fall of 1842."

But to return from this departure, to the regular order of events.

In the fall following the arrival of Capt. Hunt at Astoria, Mr. McKinzie, one of the Astor partners, (who with so much pomp, took for his wife, the Princess Chowa, daughter of old King Comcomly the celebrated Chinook chief,) left Astoria on an exploring expedition to the Willamette country. Among the small party who accompanied him, were Joseph Gervais, Louis Labonte and a brother of Comcomly, his large canoe being manned by his slaves. This expedition, said Joseph Gervais, was for the purpose of establishing trade with the Indians, to instruct and encourage them to capture and properly preserve the skins of such fur bearing animals as the Company most desired. The explorers proceeded as far south as the Calapooia country. They found the natives very numerous and friendly. Their principal towns were confined to the river where they kept large fleets of canoes. Champoeg was the largest village they found on the upper river, their cedar houses occupying both banks of the stream. The Indians were all pressed or flatheads, except their slaves, who were owned by the principal men generally.

They found the Willamette valley to equal in extent, beauty and wealth in furs, the glowing description which had been given by the Chinook Indians. After collecting a large amount of furs, distributing some beaver traps and presents among the chief men at the principal villages, the party returned, reaching Fort Astoria in February, 1813.

After the transfer of the Astor Companies' interest on the Pacific coast to the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal, Canada, which took place in October, 1813, during our late war with Great Britain, some of the Astor men, who were mostly Canadians, refused to enter the service of the Northwest Company, preferring to become what was known on the Atlantic side as free trappers, which position they ever afterwards maintained. Those old *voyaguers* who came to the Pacific with these two fur companies, were men who had been selected with a view to their courage and physical powers of endurance, as well as experience in hunting and trapping. The consequence was, said Gervais, many who desired to join those early expeditions met with a prompt refusal. In the time intervening between the transfer just mentioned, and the date when the free trappers com-

menced locating land on French Prairie, they had made what they termed many *seasons* of profitable hunting and trapping throughout the extent of this valley and the bordering mountain ranges. About the time the union between the Northwest Company and Hudson Bay Company was consummated, 1821-2, Gervais and Lucier, accompanied by their families, as was the custom, were trapping on Hons-u-cha-chac, which was the Indian name of Pudding river, their camp being near its junction with the Willamette ; while here they experienced severe weather accompanied with a snow storm, which confined them to their lodges until compelled to go forth in search of game. The little prairie on Pudding river, where the lower Indian trail crossed the stream, was but a short distance above their camp. Here they came upon a herd of elk, some of which they succeeded in shooting. The Indian women hearing the firing and suspecting what was going on, started with their knives and vessels to assist their liege lords of the chase. They succeeded in saving the blood, which was soon made into the favorite French dish known as blood pudding, upon which, with their elk meat, they fared sumptuously every day during the continuance of the inclement weather. While this memorable feast was being enjoyed, Gervais and Lucier christened the stream "*Riviere au Boudain*," or Pudding River.

These are substantially the circumstances as given by these old trappers of of the origin of the white man's name of this sluggish little river. In the time between the fall of 1827, and the spring of 1830, all the free trappers had selected locations at French Praire, as had also some of the old retired men of the Northwest Company. The first men retired from the service of the Hudson Bay Company by Dr. McLaughlin, commenced settling at French Prairie in the fall of 1830. I will furnished the Secretary with a complete list of all persons who settled on French Prairie prior to the provisional organization effected at Champoeg, May 2, 1843.

By request. Rev. B. Delorme, pastor of St. Paul's church, kindly furnished me from the parish register a list of names of the early settlers of French Prairie, with age and date of demise. I will give here a few names :

Francis Quesnel, died A. D. 1844, aged 65 years.

Philip Degie, born at Sorel, Canada, in 1839, died February 27, 1847, aged 108 years. This *oldest* inhabitant first crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark.

Francis Rivet, died September 15, 1852, aged 95 ; came first to Oregon with Lewis and Clark in 1805.

William Cannon, born in Pennsylvania in 1755, died 1854, aged 99 years.

Etienne Lucier, died March 6, 1853.

Louis Labonte died in 1860, aged 80 years.

Joseph Gervais, died July 13, 1861, aged 84 years.

These four men were free trappers, and came to Oregon with Captain Hunt in 1811:

Francis Dupra, died 1858, aged 99 years.

Andrew Longtain, born in 1782, died 1879, aged 97 years.

As I shall file with the Recording Secretary of this Association, a list of the names of all the early settlers of French Prairie prefaced with remarks and explanations, which of course will include Robert Newell, Dr. Baley, Rev. S. M. Fackler, Archbishop Blanchet, F. X. Matthieu, and others, which would be altogether to lengthy for a place here.

There were a very few of the old Canadian settlers who had received any book education, and as few that could speak any English. The latter was in a great measure owing to the formation by the early fur traders of a dialect called the Chinook Jargon, comprising words from the Indian, French and English languages, and in some cases, words were coined from events or circumstance, as for instance, the word for *simple* or *fool*, in Chinook is "Pilton;" taken from an early trapper of that name who became demented.

This jargon soon became the universal medium through which communication between the traders and Indians was carried on, as well as the common dialect used by those speaking different languages, especially in Western Oregon.

The old settlers of French Prairie were of great assistance to the early missionaries, a number of them joined in religious exercises with Rev. Jason Lee, who was himself a Canadian. He married quite a number of these men who at the time had large familes of children and grand children. Joseph Gervais become one of Mr. Lee's exhorters, his discourses being delivered in French and Chinook.

Rev. F. N. Blanchet reached French Prairie, January 5, 1839. These people were soon afterwards re-married in accordance with the ceremony of the Catholic church.

The Indian slaves of Western Oregon or their ancestors had been captured from tribes north of Puget Sound, or from the Rogue river, Klamath and other southern coast tribes. Nearly all the early settlers of French Prairie were the owners of a few of these slaves of both sexes; many of whom were faithful laborers and the only valley Indians for many years following the early settlement who would condescend to do manual labor. They generally remained with their owners until gathered upon reservations by authority of the government in 1855–6.

Champoeg was the principal Indian village between Chemeketa and Willamette falls, and the home of the Campoeg chieftains from time immemorial. This point was early in the history of the fur companies of the Pacific coast, made the place of rendezvous from whence the traders and trappers with their families annually took their final leave in the spring, on their seasons' hunt and traffic for Southern Oregon and the Mexican country. These brigades were usually composed of about 30 men and from 200 to 250 horses.

Col. Nesmith, like a gallant Pioneer as he is, always willing to give his Satanic majesty his due, or meet him openly in any frightful attitudes he is wont to assume, has said in his address before referred to, in speaking of the Candian settlers: "They are entitled to share with us what ever credit is due the Pioneers, as they endured the toils of developing and defending the country."

I served under Gen. Palmer during the Cayuse war as Commissary Agent at French Prairie, and I can assure you, fellow members, that those old pioneer Canadians gave quite as liberally of their means to supply the volunteers in the field, as did the people of any other portion of old Champoeg county. Being desirous of placing upon our records something to show the feelings and position occupied by this people during that exciting and critical struggle, and in defence of the truth and their fidelity to the Provisional Government against all unjust aspersions to the contrary, I will ask Mr. President, the privilege of reading from the old pioneer paper, the *Oregon Spectator*, of date, January 20. 1848, the following preamble and resolutions unanimously adopted at a mass meeting, held on French Prairie, which was composed of more than one hundred Canadian settlers:

"WHEREAS, It is believed that several of the Indian tribes east of the Cascade mountains have formed an alliance for the purpose of carrying on hostilities against this colony; and

WHEREAS, The exigency of the times calls for prompt and energetic action on the part of the people of this Territory, in enlisting and mustering into the service the number of volunteers required by the Executive; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it highly expedient to raise, arm and equip, one company of Riflemen to proceed immediately to join the regiment at Portland.

Resolved, That the Canadians citizens of Champoeg county, feel it our duty to assist our adopted country in the prosecution of the war against the Cayuse Indians, for the horrible massacre committed by them upon American citizens at Waiilatpu.

After which, a call was made for volunteers, when thirty came forward and enrolled their names.

On motion of Mr. Newell, Thomas McKay was chosen by a unanimous vote, Captain of said company.

On motion of W. H. Rees, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and forwarded to the editor of the *Oregon Spectator*, with a request that he publish the same.

On motion of F. X. Mattheu, the meeting adjourned.

ROBERT NEWELL,

M. PORTEUS, *Secretary*. *Chairman*.

January 12, 1848."

Mr. President, I trust I may be pardoned by my ancient friends if I avail myself of the opportunity which the present occasion offers, to refer briefly to some of the peculiar characteristics which distinguished "The Pioneer Lyceum and Literary Club," a social circle which in the olden time, under very peculiar surroundings, held its meetings at Oregon City. This old club is memorable as being the first of the kind known to have existed in the great Northwest, as well, as for its readings of pungent anonymous articles, and very harmonious deliberations.

After the immigration of 1843 reached the Willamette, and down to the spring of 1846, Oregon City was the unrivaled headquarters and news depot for the whole country. At some time within the period named, nearly all of Oregons' early immigrants had for a time found a friendly shelter within the limits of this pioneer town. A pretty large proportion of the male population bore very reluctantly the distinguishing title of old bachelor; while nobody at that time entertained the remotest thought of ever denying to the pioneer mothers or their daughters, any right or privilege which they might choose to exercise.

The people were almost without books or reading matter of any kind, which perhaps made this the ripest community that has ever existed or ever will exist any where between ocean and ocean, to have entered heartily upon the study of the profound knowledge contained in that series of volumes published at Washington, under the patronage of Congressmen, entitled "Department Reports." At that time, political party strife, office seeking, speculating corners and rings were practically unknown to the people ; in truth, these were Oregon's halcyon days of pure, simple republican government. It was under such surroundings during this early period of our history, that the pioneer city could have boasted of this remarkable association, which was very appropriately styled by Charles E. Pickett, (a relative of President Polk), "The Pioneer Lyceum and Literary Club."

It met with great regularity, especially during the misty season, discussing

from time to time, the whole round of literary and scientific subjects. The members of this old club finding themselves thrown together in a new world, as it were; the climate, scenery, vegetation and fashions, all strangely new to them, it is not surprising that their manner or modes should have been influenced in a large degree by their surroundings, suggesting a system of logic and rules of procedure peculiar to themselves.

Such, at all events, was the case. The members entertained very advanced views upon all important subjects. Hence, in their rhetorical efforts they never thought of referring to the old doctors of erudition to decide any point in controversy, nor did they encumber their addresses with quotations from the dead languages. The members seemingly never had a desire to advocate or announce any principle or doctrine of which they were ashamed. Yet when merely wishing to make a little display or astound their newly arrived accessions from the historic borders of Missouri, they simply had recourse to the living and euphonious *Chinook*. Their hearers were on all occasions wakeful and attentive listeners. This was in part owing to the new and interesting thoughts advanced in these discussions and the kind consideration always shown by the speakers, in never attempting to elucidate a subject nor fortify a position, by reading by the hour garbled extracts from anybody's opinion.

Points of Order were summarily disposed of by the presiding officer, and always concurred in without a thought of appeal. Sectarian discussions never marred in the slightest degree the good fellowship of this old pioneer club. The members were of the same religion, all belonged to the church whose foundation was not laid with hands, and whose canopy is decorated with the stars of heaven.

Following are the names which Charlie Pickett had upon the membership roll. They were at times widely scattered and are designated upon the roll as regular and visiting members:

John H. Couch, F. W. Pettygrove, J. M. Wair, A. L. Lovejoy, Jesse Applegate, S. W. Moss, Robert Newell, J. W. Nesmith, Ed. Otie, H. A. G. Lee, F. Prigg, C. E. Pickett, Wm. C. Dement, Medorum Crawford, Hiram Strait, J. Wambaugh, Wm. Cushing, Philip Foster, Ransom Clark, H. H. Hide, John G. Campbell, Top. Magruder, W. H. Rees, Mark Ford, Henry Saffron, Noyes Smith, Daniel Waldo, P. G. Stewart, Isaac W. Smith, Joseph Watt, Frank Ermintinger, A. E. Wilson, Jacob Hoover, S. M. Holderness, John Minto, Barton Lee, Genl. Husted and John B. Brooks.

Perhaps a more congenial, easy-going, self-satisfying club has never since congregated in the old capitol city, and under the changed conditions of affairs, especially in fashions so strikingly different from the unique and *richly colored*

costume of that day, never will the eyes of the good people of our old spray-bedewed city rest upon the like again.

More than half the number whose names are associated with this once brotherly old circle, have finished the journey of life. It is gratifying to be assured that it is the special mission of this association, to perpetuate the remembrance of Oregon's departed Pioneers.

The early attempts made by the settlers to form a temporary government were rather inadequate organizations, and only reached a form equal to the demands of the situation in July, 1845, when the Provisional Government was reorganized under the amended Organic law, submitted to and adopted by the people.

The leading mind in suggesting and devising this enlarged and more perfect form of government was found in the person of Jesse Applegate, a genial, unassuming gentleman, a profound thinker, philosophical in the simplicity of his methods. He combined in an eminent degree the qualifications fitting him for a pioneer leader, seeming most to enjoy himself amid the free surroundings of frontier life. A third of a century ago, when all this wide west was an Indian country, Jesse Applegate, with a few dauntless pioneers could have been found always in advance of the migratory tide, building up new homes in the wild valleys beyond the border settlements, a plain, unpretending farmer, too wise and generous to be self-conceited; too true to his own convictions of right to sacrifice principle and independence for temporary popularity or place. As a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Provisional Government, he was as able and pure as any man who ever held a seat in that body, yet we find that some of our cotemporary chroniclers have accused him of being influenced by favors in the interest of Dr. McLaughlin, or the Hudson Bay Company, insinuating that his course was antagonistic to the interests of citizens or the United States. Such unlike delineations of Jesse Applegate could only have been obtained from a standpoint where the view was very much obstructed by egotistical vanities, or the visual rays obscured by the dark shadows of party or sectarian prejudices. Under such unfavorable surroundings, these historic delineators were rendered incapable of presenting a fair and faithful view of this old pioneer's generous virtues. That he has had his failings none will doubt, but who among Oregon's early pioneers I may ask in vain, has been less exempt. We may console ourselves, fellow members, in the belief that the future historian will be at no loss in assigning to the sage of Yoncalla, the place to which his eminent services have justly entitled him, while the Oregon Pioneers simply owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for the disinterested labor which he so cheerfully performed with an earnest desire to promote the general welfare of the pioneer settlers during the trying years of their greatest need.

There are a goodly number of the early pioneers, both men and women living and departed, whom I should be pleased to speak of, but on the present occasion time will not permit.

Our mortality list for the year just passed is a sorrowful one to contemplate. The relentless march of time will soon have revealed to the last of the old fathers and mothers the realities of that life which is to come. These old pioneers, who in their youthful years nurtured into life and strength a new born republic in these then wild regions of the North Pacific Coast, are fast passing away; a few more joyful re-unions and we of the days of *lang syne* will be seen here no more forever. Since our last meeting, many of our beloved members have laid them down to rest. Mrs. Jacob Conser, Mrs. Adeline Crawford, Mrs. Crump, T. J. Dryer and Geo. L. Curry, two of our veteran editors of the Territorial days, E. N. Cooke, a noble old pioneer, long Vice President of this Association, I. N. Gilbert and M. G. Foisy, of the immigration of 1844, John S. Zeiber, Simeon Smith and many other early pioneers have since your last meeting bid adieu to the scenes of this life. May they find a better home beyond the mystic river.

Mr. President, to close this meagre and very imperfect sketch in relation to the early agricultural settlement of Oregon, would be ungenerous to omit making a short biographical mention of the late Dr. John McLaughlin, the noble philanthropist of the wilderness, without whose assistance and protecting care none of those first agricultural settlements of the Territory could have been commenced nor successfully maintained. He furnished from the farms, the shops and store houses at Vancouver, teams, cows, hogs, plows, poultry, arms and ammunition, in brief, all the necessary implements and supplies, or such as he had, mostly imported from England, sufficient to enable the pioneer settlers to establish themselves in the occupation of husbandmen, at the same time giving them assurance of a remunerative market for their produce.

Dr. McLaughlin, as director of the affairs of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky mountains, had more power over the Indians of the whole Northwest Coast, which he judiciously exercised, than all other influences multiplied and combined. He was a great and just man, having in no instance deceived them, firm in maintaining the established rules regulating their intercourse, making their supplies, so far as the Company was concerned, strictly depend upon their own efforts and good conduct, always prompt to redress the slightest infraction of good faith. This sound undeviating policy made Dr. McLaughlin the most humane and successful manager of the native tribes this country has ever known, while the Indians both feared and respected him above all other men.

The many important events connected with this good man's life in Oregon would not only furnish material for a very interesting and profitable address before this Association, but would fill a liberal sized volume, he having been for more than a third of a century (commencing with the year 1823) most prominently connected with the pioneer history of the country. I regret that the limits of this paper precludes entering into details the better to present before you, the great executive ability, power over the Indians, and fostering care which he so generously bestowed upon the infant settlements of Oregon.

Dr. McLaughlin was no ordinary personage. Nature had written in her most legible hand preeminence in every lineament of his strong Scotch face, combining in a marked degree all the native dignity of an intellectual giant. He stood among his pioneer cotemporaries like towering old Hood amid the evergreen heights that surround his mountain home—a born leader of men. He would have achieved distinction in any of the higher pursuits of life. He was born in the District of Quebec, Canada, in 1784, of Scotch parentage, reared under the influence of the *Angelican* or *Episcopal* Church, of which he remained a member until November 18th, 1842. At this date he became connected with the Catholic Church, of which he continued a devout communicant during the remaining years of his long and eventful life. Dr. McLaughlin had received a liberal education and was a regular bred physician, in stature above six feet, weighing some 250 pounds, his head was large, his commanding eye of a bluish grey, a fair florid complexion, his hair had been of a sandy color, but when I first met him at Vancouver, in the fall of 1844, then sixty years of age, his great luxuriant growth of hair was white as snow. A business requiring a residence among the wild native tribes necessarily made the regulations governing the service of his company partake more of the martial than the civil law. Dr. McLaughlin was a strict disciplinarian and in his bearing decidedly military in suggestion; his standard of honor was unviolated truth and justice. The strong distinguishing traits of his character were true courage, a clear quick perception and firm reliance. He never hesitated in taking upon himself great responsibilities when in his judgment occasion required it. The regulations of the Hudson Bay Company required its officers to give one year's notice of their intention to quit the service. This notice the Doctor gave at the beginning of 1845, and the following year established himself upon his land claim at Oregon City, where he had already built a residence, large flouring mill, saw-mills and store houses. Having located his land claim in 1829, he first made some temporary improvements thereon in 1830. These enterprises gave to the pioneer town quite a business like appearance at the time of my arrival in the country, and employment to a goodly number of needy immigrants. The Doctor's religion was of that practical kind which proceeds from the heart and en-

ters into the duties of every day life; his benevolent work was confined to no church, sect nor race of men, but was as broad as suffering humanity, never refusing to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and provide for the sick and toil-worn immigrants and needy settlers who called for assistance at his old Vancouver home. Many were the pioneer mothers and their little ones, whose hearts were made glad through his timely assistance, while destitute strangers whom chance or misfortune had thrown upon these then wild inhospitable shores, were not permitted to suffer while he had power to relieve. Yet he was persecuted by men claiming the knowledge of a christian experience, defamed by designing politicians, knowingly misrepresented in Washington as a British intriguer, until he was unjustly deprived of the greater part of his land claim.

Thus, after a sorrowful experience of man's ingratitude to man, he died an honored American citizen, and now sleeps upon the east bank of the Willamette at Oregon City, in the little yard which incloses the entrance to the Catholic Cathdral, beneath the morning shadow of the old gray chiffs that overlook the pioneer town of the Anglo-American upon the Pacific Coast ; here resting from his labors within the ever moaning sound of the mighty cataract of the beautiful river, while the humble stone that marks his grave bears this simple inscription :

"DR JOHN McLAUGHLIN,

DIED,

Sept. 3d, 1857, aged 73 years.

THE PIONEER AND FRIEND OF OREGON.

ALSO

THE FOUNDER OF THIS CITY."

It is a duty which the Oregon Pioneers owe to the memory of Dr. McLaughlin, to prepare a memorial wreath from the flowers which his benevolent hand strewed along the pathway of life, flowers whose fragrance is imperishable, and whose unwithering colors will ever remain bright as the dewy star of dawn.

Long ages will the name of Dr. John McLanglin be known in the land,

By the good deeds left behind him,
By the wrong he scorned to do,
Virtues sacred to his memory,
Unfading wreath anew.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE YEAR 1847.

BY HON. RALPH C. GEER.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF OREGON:

Surrounded as I am to-day with old pioneers who crossed the plains long before I did, and unaccustomed to public speaking as I am, it will not be expected of me that I shall be able to instruct or interest to any great extent those who may listen to me on this occasion.

I propose to occupy but little time, as there are others to speak who can edify you better than I.

The emigration of 1847, like all former emigrations, was composed of men and women that were willing to brave all manner of hardships for the purpose of finding a better country to live in; some, and not a few either, were willing to undergo the toilsome and tedious trip for the sake of finding a healthy country. For that reason alone I sold my little farm in Knox County, Illinois, bid farewell to civilization, as everybody thought at that time, and started to cross the "great American desert." Others were influenced by the inducements held out by the general government in the shape of a large land grant to all actual settlers, and the accounts given by writers from here and elsewhere, and also by the lectures of reliable men who had seen this beautiful, and to me, unequaled country. Like all the preceding emigrations, the starting points were on the Missouri river at all points and crossings from below Lexington to Council Bluffs, and all wended their way to the main road leading up the Platte valley.

To describe the trip in all its details would be tedious and uninteresting to an intelligent audience of Oregon pioneers such as I now have the honor of addressing.

The emigration got a good start that year. We had considerable rain the

first month, but after that we had fine weather, until we arrived at the Cascade mountains.

We left the Missouri river the 6th of June, and when we got to Wolf creek we organized by electing Joel Palmer captain, and the usual officers that belong to such organizations.

When we organized, we had about 85 wagons, and in the Nemaha country, we overtook what was called the Chicago company, headed by Uncle Thomas Cox, which increased our company to 99 wagons. The morning after we were joined by that company, Captain Palmer took a company of men and went ahead of the wagons, and worked the road at the crossing of Big Nemaha, as well as they could, until the wagons came up, but still we had to let the wagons down the grade by ropes, with from two to four men standing on the off wheels of each wagon ; and still we made the usual day's travel that day. We departed from the usual rule adopted by the emigrations in former years. Instead of forming a corral with our wagons for the stock, we camped in such a way that we could yoke the cattle and hitch on to the wagons without danger of running over the women and children. Our corral was for the people, both great and small, not for the cattle and horses ; and those who had camped the usual way considered this the better mode.

When I left Knox county, Illinois, the Democratic Central Committee had a small wrought-iron cannon, made by a Whig to celebrate the election of Henry Clay, in 1844, and when he was beaten, gave it to the Democrats, and they named it the Young Democrat ; and they gave it to me to bring to Oregon. It was a real screamer to talk—it could be heard 15 or 20 miles, and old mountaineers said that if we fired that every night after we camped, Indians would not trouble us. And I think it was true, for we adopted that plan and no stealing only when we neglected to let her bark.

Some thought our company too large, but still we made good travel every day.

We traveled that way until we crossed Big Blue river. There Wm. Graham's son was so sick we concluded to lay by a day or two. That camp was the finest camp of pioneers I ever saw. It contained 99 wagons, about 400 men, women and children, from six days to 60 years of age ; representing nearly all the professions, trades and occupations. I think that camp was a good average of the pioneers of 1847. We had preachers with their bibles and psalm books, doctors with their medicine chests, lawyers with their law books, school teachers, anxious to teach the young idea how to shoot, merchants with their goods, nurserymen with their trees and seeds, stockmen with their fine horses and cattle, millers, millmen, millwrights, wheelwrights, carpenters, cabinet makers with

their chest of tools, blacksmiths with anvels, bellows, hammers and tongs ready and willing to do all kinds of repairing at any time and place, gunsmiths and silversmiths with their fine tools, tailors with their gooses or geese (which is it?) shoemakers with the lasts, awls, hammers and bristles, saddlers with their tools, dressmakers and milliners with their needles, thimbles and patterns, a lumberman with his heavy log wagon, and last, though not least, farmers with and without families. The men all well armed and plenty of ammunition; all determined to go to Oregon and develop its resources.

The child getting no better the second day after we stopped, 50 wagons drove on and left. Capt. Palmer said he would not leave a fellow-traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel and would probably die in a few days.

Capt. Palmer had brought a box of cultivated fruit trees from Indiana to St. Joseph, and was so heavily laden that he could not bring them, and I had undertaken to take them for him, and did not feel right in leaving him, and after traveling two days I prevailed upon my father to stop at Little Blue and await the balance of the train, which they did, and Alva Post and myself went back to meet the train. The boy had died, and the train started on the morning we started back. When father and his little band of seven wagons stopped, forty-three wagons went on and we never overtook them.

When we (the forty-nine wagons and our seven) all got together again, we were as happy a company of pioneers as ever crossed the plains, and we stayed together nearly all the way to Oregon City.

One evening, on Little Blue, the Captain called the men together and told us as we drew near the buffalo country our teams would become restless, our horses would take fright at every little noise, and that the men and women even would become restive and would not like to be controlled; he said he did not know why it was thus, but such was the case, and that we must be on our guard all the time to prevent "stampedes" or quarrels in the camp or train, but in spite of all his and our caution, we had a grand stampede as we were going into camp for the last time on Little Blue. I did not see it, but those who did said it was terrible. No person hurt; one of my wagons went into camp on three wheels, and one of S. Coffin's oxen on three legs. I was out on my last wild turkey hunt and missed the exciting time. We were delayed one day by the "stampede."

We struck the Platte river on the first day of June. We saw the first buffalo the day we passed Grand Island. They were on the north side of main Platte. Some of them were lying down, others were apparently feeding, and others traveling about. I was raised near the Darby Plains in Ohio, where they had immense herds of cattle, but I never saw so large a herd as that was; it extended

for miles and covered sections, and when some of the hunters from a company just ahead of us rode wildly into the drove and fired a volley at them, they fairly made the earth tremble in their endeavor to escape. (The tremble part I have from the hunters, as I was too far away to feel it.) After we crossed South Platte, we took a turn at buffalo chasing and found it both agreeable and profitable.

At Ash Hollow, on the North Platte, we stopped a day for washing, there being plenty of wood and water. Our oxen and cows began to get footsore and we had to leave some of them on the way, which were generally killed and eaten by the wolves. I, with several others, visited the grand towers, from the tops of which we could see the emigrant road from Ash Hollow to Scott's Bluffs, and I think it was the finest sight I ever saw. The long trains of covered wagons one after another just as far as the eye could reach each way, with their loads of brave pioneers silently wending their way towards the setting sun; it appeared to me that there were 1,000 wagons in sight.

We reached Fort Laramie just as the Indians had returned from a successful raid on the Pawnees, and were encamped at the mouth of Laramie river on both sides of both rivers. The officers at the Fort told me that this camp contained 1,500 lodges. We stopped one day at Laramie to set wagon tires and trade our lame stock for sound ones, giving two and sometimes three for one. There our lumberman left his log wagon, which he was advised to leave at St. Joe. At Box Alder Creek we saw the graves of several of the Woodside family, who, it was said, were poisoned by eating fruit that had been cooked and allowed to stand in brass kettles.

We crossed the Platte on the last day of June on a raft, and Captain Palmer swam his horses hitched to his hack across the river after sunset.

From the best data I can get, we were at this place about the middle of the emigration. We passed Independence Rock, on Sweetwater, on the 4th day of July, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes and fired the cannon on top of said rock at 12 o'clock that day; met the first company returning from Oregon that night; heard good news from Oregon, and also heard that the emigrants in front were getting along finely, which cheered the despairing ones, if any, in our company.

Our Captain told us we might expect sickness in our camp on Sweetwater, and we did have it, but no one died, although many were sick and some nigh unto death. At the snow bank we met J. G. Campbell, of Oregon City, and Wm. and Samuel Campbell, who were going back east for their father and family. At the last crossing of Sweetwater, we met a man by the name of Grant, with his whole family on his way back to Missouri. When asked what his objections to Oregon were, he said: "In the first place they have no bees.

there ; and in the second place, they can't raise corn, and whar they can't raise corn they can't raise hogs, and whar they can't raise hogs they can't have bacon, and I'm going back to old Missouri whar I can have corn bread, bacon and honey."

In going from Pacific Springs to Bear river, half the company went by Fort Bridges, and half by the desert, but the half that went by the cut off had the worst of it. Three days travel before we got to the Soda Springs, we passed the grave of Elias Brown, who died June 17th, 1847, of Mountain Fever, father of J. Henry Brown, our efficient Secretary, the first grave of the company that left us on Little Blue that we had seen, and the only one we did see.

At the Soda Springs all the sick were healed; and on the first day of August we camped on Snake river. At what was called Bluff camp, a few miles below the great falls of Snake river, part of the cattle swam across Snake river, and in the morning the Captain and Hi. Simpkins swam over and tried to make them swim back, but all their efforts were in vain. The boys finding it impossible to force them into the water called for help, Judge Grim, J. Whitney and Wallace Foster swam over and helped them. John Whitney caught hold of an ox's tail and was ferried back, and the others swam back. The Captain and Simpkins had been in the hot sun under the bluff so long trying to make the cattle take water, that they were perfectly sunburnt, and the next night they were two as sick men as I ever saw. They both shed their skin like snakes.

At Salmon Falls we laid in such a supply of salmon that we had to throw away two-thirds of it before we traveled far. We crossed Snake river at the Three Islands. We rested our teams one day before crossing, and on that day we lost a fine young man by the name of Elijah Weeks. He and others went into the river to bathe, and, although an excellent swimmer, was cuaght in a whirlpool and drawn in and did not come out while we stayed, but came out and was picked up by a company who knew him and was buried three days after we left.

After leaving the river and traveling about six miles, we struck a bee line for the Hot Springs, and about half way between where we left the road and the Springs, we camped at what we called Palmer's encampment, on Palmer's cut-off, at a fine spring and as fine grass and clover as I ever saw. We had three horses stolen at that camp, and the boys said it was because I did not fire the cannon that night.

We saw a notice on a tree one day's travel this side of Barrel creek, informing us that a man had been shot at that camp a day or two before, and for all emigrants to be on the lookout for the red devils. I fired the "Young Democrat" twice that night, loaded to the muzzle. We saw no Indians that night.

We saw Hiram Buffum's grave on Goose creek. He was a brother of Wm. Buffum of Yamhill county. We left Snake river the 1st day of September.

On Powder river, James Harpole's wife died, and in digging her grave they found a great deal of mica, and in 1848, after gold had been found in California and brought to Oregon, the boys that dug the grave said that they knew there was millions of ounces of just exactly such stuff on Powder river, where they buried Mrs. Harpole ;and a company went from near Butteville in the winter of 1848-9 to make their fortunes ; but they were bitterly disappointed when they found only worthless mica or isinglass. It turned very cold and one young man by the name of Asa Martin, who drove a team across the plains for John W. Grim in 1847, was so frozen that he died soon after returning or on his way home, I have forgotten which.

At Umatilla, some of the emigrants concluded to go to Dr: Whitman's on the Walla Walla river and stay all winter, and their sad history was written in blood, and is familiar as household words to all Oregon Pioneers.

At the first crossing of Umatilla, we met F. W. Geer of Butteville, who told us how it had rained in the Cascade mountains and what we had to encounter, but we did not realize the situation then, but we did afterwards.

On the Columbia river the Indians had become very saucy and insolent ; would drive off stock and then demand pay for returning it ; and some of the boys gave them the end of the whip lash, and I gave one the end of my right arm quicker than he wanted it. My wife had brought a very large turkey wing across the plains, and an Indian saw it and wanted it for Big Medicine, and caught hold of one end of it and tried to take it away from her, but failed ; and I suppose thought he would scare her by pretending he would cut her hand with a knife that he had drawn from his belt. I told her to hold on, for he dare not hurt her and that I would attend to him as soon as I got the cow yoked, as I was then putting the yoke on a cow ; and she held on of course, but before I got the cow yoked, he let go and was trying to make it up with her by saying that she was a *close kloochman*, and other words. But the drawing of his knife and making motions with it that he had, had got my blood all warmed up, and the closer I got to him, the warmer I got, and when in reach of him I gave him an under handed lift that raised him about two feet, and he came down badly demoralized. The old chief was in the camp with several of his braves, and he blustered around terribly, and wanted me to give him a shirt or blanket. I felt I was "Big Injun" then, and picked up a tent pole and went for them, and told them that if they did not leave I would sweep them from the face of the earth; of course they left.

The next Sunday evening Dr. Whitman preached to our company on Willow

creek, and complimented us and the young man that gave the Indian the whip-lash, by saying if more men would do likewise, instead of giving them presents for their impudence and theft, it would be better for all concerned.

At Rock creek, we had several head of cattle drowned in a short time after we stopped and we called that creek Drowning Creek.

We crossed the Des Chutes river on two wagon beds lashed together, and arrived at Barlow's Gate on September 29th, and on the last day of October, we started to cross the Cascade mountains, and right here our trouble began. Capt. Bowman's company had got to the gate just one month ahead of us, and before any rain had fallen, and as the road was new or comparatively so, having been opened in 1846, and newly worked and but one track for the wagon, Bowman's and other trains immediately following him rendered it very dusty, and the rains of September had washed the dust all off the hills and worked it into mortar on the levels and rolling ground, which was followed by a few days of pleasant weather, which dried the hills and stiffened the mud in other places so that it would bear a wagon, and when it had rained two days, the 2d and 3d of October, the road was just horrible, a description of it is impossible by me, at least at this time.

When we started into the mountains there had been a continual string of wagons and loose stock passing for one month, and consequently had eaten what little grass there was near the road. On account of the horrible condition of the road and continual rain from the time we started into the mountains, we were thirteen days in reaching the valley, but we all got through with good appetites and found plenty of good substantial food to satisfy any reasonable man, woman or child.

The Pioneers of 1847 found plenty of bread, meat and potatoes and pea-coffee, and certainly had no reasonable right to complain of the prices, and all found work that wanted to work for a reasonable price. From the best information I am able to obtain, I think the emigration of 1847 numbered 5,000 souls. Gov. Abernethy says in his message, between four and five thousand souls. The emigrants were scattered, and not very thinly scattered either, over at least 500 miles of road, which satisfies me that there were at least 5,000 souls crossed the plains in that year.

Squire Shively arrived at Oregon City with the United States mail, drawn by horses, September 7th, and Capt. Nat. Bowman's company was the first to the gate and arrived at Oregon City a day or two after Shively. But few started into the mountains after the 5th of October, then turned to The Dalles and went down the river.

The emigration of 1847 nearly if not quite doubled the white population of Oregon, for I find the whole population in 1850 to be but 13,080, after receiving the emigrations of 1848 and 1849, besides large accessions from California during these years, and also the natural increase which was considerable. This doubling the population, enabled the people not only to defend themselves, but to send an army east of the mountains and chastise the murderers of Dr. Whitman, and compel the Indians to give up the murderers, who were tried, condemned and executed at Oregon City, thus showing the Indians that we were masters of the situation.

The Pioneers of 1847 spread all over this valley and Umpqua, thereby enabling the people to establish schools all over the land. The stock interests were advanced by the introduction of fine horses, cattle and sheep, by enterprising Pioneers of that year, a few of whom I will speak. Uncle Johnny Wilson, as we used to call him, of Linn county, brought a drove of Durhams from Henry Clay's herd at Blue Grass Grove, Illinois, which vastly improved the stock of Oregon, for he sold breeding animals all over the State. A great difference was perceptible wherever they ranged. He also brought as fine mares as could be bought in Illinois. Uncle Johnny came near losing his whole band of horses on the Platte. The horses took a stampede and ran off with a herd of buffalos, but he followed them all one day and finally got them. He was out one or two nights, I forget which. My wife thinks it was two or three nights; at all events he brought them back all right.

Captain Benser brought a herd of fine cattle and improved the herds of the Columbia bottoms vastly. J. C. Geer, Sr., brought a fine cow of Henry Clay's favorite stock. She was a very large, well proportioned cow, and worked all the way across the plains, missing only two or three days the whole trip, walking down two large steers ; her descendants are to be seen at this time in the Waldo Hills and are prized.

Mr. M. L. Savage brought old George that year. Mr. Savage staid over one year for the purpose of getting him to bring to Oregon, believing him to be the best race horse in the United States at that time. Old George made a record for himself that any owner might be proud of and I presume Mr. Savage is satisfied he brought the horse to Oregon.

Sheep husbandry received a big lift that year. Mr. Fields brought a flock of fine sheep from Missouri and stopped with them near Uncle Dan Waldo's. Fields and his wife both died under a large fir tree with the measles. The sheep were sold at auction in small flocks ; they proved to be superior sheep to say the least. I got a small flock of them in 1850, and in 1853 I sold a lot of fat sheep to the butcher Fields of Portland for $16 a head. The wool was fine and

long, the carcasses heavy. I have inquiry for the Fields sheep often yet. I believe they made for themselves a wider and better name than any sheep that ever have or ever will be brought to Oregon. Uncle Headrick, Wm. Turpin and Johnson Mulkey, brought a fine flock, Priest Fackler drove them all the way as far as they traveled with us. Turpin's were Saxony, and Uncle Headrick gave him $25 for a half-blooded buck at Foster's which was certainly a big price, for dollars were larger then than now. This stock of sheep is still on the Howell Prairie and they speak for themselves. R. Patton brought a large flock and took them to Yamhill county, but I do not know their history.

This emigration brought everything nearly, from a paper of pins to a 4-foot burr. Mr. Haun, of Haun's mill noteriety in Missouri, brought a pair of mill burr-stones. I do not know, but suppose they were French burrs.

Uncle Thomas Cox, and William his son, brought a respectable store across the plains and opened out at Salem the first store south of Champoeg. William also brought some peach pits and planted them, and originated the celebrated Cox cling peach, the boss peach of California, or at least was in 1870.

Uncle A. R. Dimick, the originator of the Dimick potatoe, brought the seeds of the Early or Shaker Blue potatoe from Michigan with him in 1847, and planted them on his farm in the north part of Marion county, and from these seeds sprang the famous Dimick potato.

But the greatest undertaking, and one that was crowned with success, and one that contributed the most to the name and fame of Oregon, was the "Traveling Nursery," brought across the plains by the late Henderson Luelling, in 1847. If a man is a benefactor to his race who makes two spears of grass grow where only one grew before, what is he to his State, who makes lucious pears, cherries, plums and apples grow, where only poor seedlings or none, grew before. Mr. Henderson Luelling by bringing that splendid assortment of apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, grapes, berries and flowers in his "Traveling Nursery" to Oregon in 1847, gave to Oregon the name of "God's country, or the Land of Big Red Apples," a name that every Pioneer of Oregon feels proud of. I never thought Mr. Luelling received the reward that his enterprise merited. I have dealt with him to the extent of thousands of dollars, from one dollar to two thousand dollar transactions, and always found him honest. Being honest himself he trusted too much and consequently was victimized to a fearful extent. The conception and carrying out of that enterprise was not the sudden conviction as to the importance of the fruit business, but was the result of a train of circumstances, the most controlling of which was his long and successful engagement in the nursery business.

In the fall of 1845 he began to prepare to start to Oregon, but could not dis-

pose of his land in time to start until it would be quite late, so he concluded to wait another year and bring the "Traveling Nursery." He planted his nursery thus: He made two boxes 12 inches deep, and just wide and long enough to fill the wagon bed, and filled them with a compost consisting principally of charcoal and earth, into which he planted about 700 trees and shrubs, from 20 inches to 4 feet high, and protected them from the stock by a light though strong frame fastened to the wagon box. He left the Missouri river the 17th of May.

On the Platte, Mr. Luelling took charge of the nursery wagon and team to bring it through in his own way and time, for it was already pronounced by some of his friends a very hazardous undertaking to draw such a heavy load all the way over the Rocky mountains; but every discourging proposition, he invariably answered, that so long as he could take it without endangering the safety of his family, he would stick to it. The last time that any one tried to discourage him about the nursery wagon was on the North Platte. Rev. Mr. White suggested that it would be better to leave it, as the cattle were becoming weary and foot sore, and that owing to the continued weight of that load, it would kill all his cattle and prevent his getting through; but his answer was such an emphatic "no" that he was allowed to follow his own course after that without remonstrance.

The nursery reached The Dalles about the 1st of October, and the trees were there taken out of the boxes and securely wrapped in cloths to protect them from frosty nights and the various handlings that they had to undergo in the in the transit down the Columbia. That load of trees contained health, wealth and comfort, for the old Pioneers of Oregon. It was the mother of all our early nurseries and orchards, and gave Oregon a name and fame that she never would have had without it. That load of living trees and shrubs brought more wealth to Oregon than any ship that ever entered the Columbia river. Then, I say, hail, all hail to the traveling nursery that crossed the plains in 1847.

Excuse me, when I tell you that I brought one bushel of apple, and one-half bushel of pear seeds, which went far towards supplying this coast with trees, especially pear trees, for I furnished Luelling with stock and he furnished me with buds from his traveling nursery, which enabled both of us to furnish cultivated trees in great numbers at an early day, and certainly that traveling nursery was a God-send to me and mine.

One good effect of the emigration of 1847, as I have already stated, was to swell the white population of Oregon to such an extent that there were men enough to go east of the Cascade mountains and conquor the hostile Indians and bring the murderers of Dr. Whitman and others to justice, and so overawe all the In-

dians in the country that it was perfectly safe to travel any where in the country in small parties.

And when the gold mines "broke out," thousands of men could and did leave Oregon for the gold fields, and left their families perfectly safe at their homes, thus enabling the Oregonians to skim the gold fields of California and return to Oregon and spend the cream in developing the country. To mention all the good results of that large emigration would exceed my limits, but I could not do less than hint at some of them.

The emigration of 1847 gave us many of our prominent men; it gave us Samuel R. Thurston, our first Delegate to Congress, who, by his indefatigable energy and perseverance, obtained what all old Oregon Pioneers had long prayed for in vain, the passage of the bill donating lands to the Pioneers of Oregon. But Samuel R. Thurston needs no eulogy from me; his deeds live in the hearts of all old Pioneers, and his name is a household word among many families in the land for which he toiled.

A REMINISCENCE.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE ROGUE RIVER WAR OF 1853.

BY HON. J. W. NESMITH.

During the month of August, 1853, the different tribes of Indians inhabiting the Rogue river valley, in Southern Oregon, suddenly assumed a hostile attitude. They murdered many settlers and miners, and burned nearly all of the buildings for over a hundred miles along the main traveled route, extending from Cow Creek, on the north, in a southerly direction to the Siskiyou mountains. Gen. Lane at the time being in the Rogue river valley, at the request of citizens, assumed control of a body of militia, suddenly called for the defense of the citizens.

Captain Alden, of the regular army, and Col. John E. Ross, of Jackson county, joined Gen. Lane and served under his command. Old Joe, John and Sam were the principal leaders of the Indians, aided by such young and vigorous warriors as George and Limpy.

The Indians collected in a large body and retreated northward in the direction of the Umpqua. Gen. Lane made a vigorous pursuit, and on the 24th of August overtook and attacked the foe in a rough, mountainous and heavily timbered region upon Evans Creek. The Indians had fortified their encampment by fallen timber, and being well supplied with arms and ammunition, made a vigorous resistance. In an attempt to charge through the brush, Gen. Lane was shot through the arm and Capt. Alden received a wound from which he never fully recovered. Several other of the attacking party were wounded, some of whom subsequently died of their injuries. Capt. Pleasant Armstrong, an old and respected citizen of Yamhill county, was shot through the heart and died instantly.

The Indians and whites were so close together that they could easily converse

The most of them knew Gen. Lane, and when they found that he was in command of the troops, they called out to "Joe Lane" and asked him to come into their camp to arrange some terms for a cessation of hostilities. The general, with more courage than discretion, in his wounded condition ordered a cessation of hostilities and fearlessly walked into the hostile camp, where he saw many wounded Indians, together with several who were dead and being burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, which clearly demonstrated that the Indians had got the worst of the fight. After a long conference it was finally agreed that there should be a cessation of hostilities, and that both parties should return to the neighborhood of Table Rock, on the north side of the Rogue river valley, and that an armistice should exist until Gen. Joel Palmer, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, could be sent for, and that a treaty should be negotiated with the United States authorities, in which all grievances should be adjusted between the parties. Both whites and Indians marched back slowly over the same trail, encumbered with their wounded, each party keeping a vigilant watch of the other. General Lane encamped on Rogue river, while the Indians selected a strong and almost inaccessible position, high up and just under the perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock, to await the arrival of Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver.

At the commencement of hostilities, the people of Rogue river valley were sadly deficient in arms and ammunition, many of the settlers and miners having traded their arms to the Indians, who were much better armed and equipped for war than their white neighbors. The rifle and revolver had displaced the bow and arrow and the war clubs with which the natives were armed when the writer of this knew and fought them in 1848.

General Lane and Capt. Alden, at the commencement of the outbreak, had sent an express to Governor George L. Curry, then Secretary and Acting Governor. Major Rains, of the 4th U. S. Infantry, commanding the district, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, was called upon to supply the threatened settlers with arms and ammunition. Major Rains responded to the call for arms and ammunition, but was deficient in troops to escort them to their destination at the seat of war. Governor Curry at once authorized the writer to raise seventy-five men and escort the arms to the threatened settlements. The escort was soon raised in the town of Salem and marched to Albany where it waited a couple of days for the arrival of Second Lieutenant August V. Kautz, in charge of the wagons with rifles and catridges; together with a twelve pound howitzer and a good supply of fixed ammunition. Kautz was then fresh from West Point and this was his first campaign. He subsequently achieved the rank of major-general and rendered good service during the "late unpleasantness" with the south, and is now Colonel of the 8th U. S. Infantry.

After a toilsome march, dragging the howitzer and other materials of war through the Umpqua canyon, and up and down the mountain trails made slippery by recent rains, we arrived at Gen. Lane's encampment on Rogue river near the subsequent site of Fort Lane, on the 8th day of September. On the same day Capt. A. J. Smith, since the distinguished General Smith, of the Union army, arrived at headquarters with Company C, First Dragoons. The accession of Capt. Smith's company with my own gave General Lane a force sufficient to cope with the enemy, then supposed to be about 700 strong. The encampment of the Indians was still on the side of the mountains of which Table Rock forms the summit, and at night we could plainly see their camp fire, while they could look directly upon us. The whole command was anxious and willing to fight, but Gen. Lane had pledged the Indians that an effort should be made to treat for peace. Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The armistice had not yet expired, and the 10th was fixed for the time of the council. On the morning of that day Gen. Lane sent for me and desired me to go with him to the council ground, inside the Indian encampment to act as interpreter, as I was master of the Chinook jargon. I asked the general upon what terms and where we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the agreement was that the meeting should take place within the encampment of the enemy ; and that he should be accompanied with ten other men of his own selection, unarmed. Against those terms I protested, and told the general that I had traversed that country five years before and fought those same Indians ; that they were notoriously treacherous, and in early times had earned the designation of "Rogues," by never permitting a white man to escape with his scalp when once within their power ; that I knew them better than he did, and that it was criminal folly for eleven unarmed white men to place themselves voluntarily within the power of seven hundred well armed hostile Indians, in their own secure encampment. I reminded him that I was a soldier in command of a company of cavalry, and was ready to obey his order to lead my men into action or to discharge any soldierly duty, no part of which was to go into the enemy's camp as an unarmed interpreter. The general listened to my protest and replied that he had fixed upon the terms of meeting the Indians and should keep his word, and if I was afraid to go I could remain behind. When he put it upon that ground I responded that I thought I was as little acquainted with fear as he was, and that I would accompany him to what I believed would be our slaughter.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September, 1853, we mounted our horses and set out in the direciion of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following named persons : Gen. Joseph Lane, Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs ; Samuel P. Culver, Indian Agent ; Capt. A. J. Smith, First

Dragoons; Capt. L. F. Mosher, Adjutant; Col. John E. Ross, Capt. J. W. Nesmith, Lieut. A. V. Kautz, R. B. Metcalf, J. D. Mason, T. T. Tierney. By reference to the U. S. Statutes at Large, v. 10, p. 1020, the most of the above names will be found appended to the treaty that day executed. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley, we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend. We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indian's stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and surrounded by 700 fierce and well armed hostile savages, arrayed in all their gorgeous war paint and feathers. Captain Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright beautiful morning and the Rogue river valleys lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statue-like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were engraven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of Table Rock towered frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke the Rogue river tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpretor into Chinook or jargon to me, when I translated it into English; when Lane or Palmer spoke, the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed and signed. In the meantime an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation of one of the "high contracting" parties in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked with the perspiration streaming from every pore. He made a brief harrangue and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhaused. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. Gen. Lane told me to inquire of the Indian intepreter the cause of the commotion. The Indian responded that a company of white men down on Applegate creek, and under the command of Capt. Owen, had that morning captured an Indian known as Jim Taylor, and tied him up to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense and murder glared from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and serve us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass ropes, while others drew the skin covers from their guns and the wiping sticks from their muzzles. There appeared a strong probability of our party being

subjected to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could that the interpreter had communicated to me, and in order to keep our people from huddling together and thus make a better target for the savages, I used a few English words not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "disperse" and "segregate." In fact we kept so close to the savages, and separated from one another, that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites. While I admit that I thought my time had come, and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. Gen. Lane sat upon a log with his arm bandaged in a sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions and gave me sententious answers to what little the Indians said to us. Capt. A. J. Smith, who was prematurely gray-haired and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry sabre and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual and muttered words escaped from under the old dragoon's white mustache that did not sound like prayers. His squadron looked beautiful, but alas! they could render us no service. I sat down on a log close to old chief Joe, and having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced. In a few moments Gen. Lane stood up and commenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said Owens, who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp with ten other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such cowardly dogs to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us, and can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends, and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and in place of war have a lasting peace. Much more was said in this strain by the general, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets.

The treaty of the 10th of September, 1853, was completed and signed, and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied, and mounted. Old A. J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two, and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As Gen. Lane and party rode back across the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting

sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath, and remarked to the old general that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp, he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as intepreter. With a beningant smile he responded: "God bless you, luck is better than science."

I never hear the fate of Gen. Canby, at the Modoc camp referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock.

TYRUS HIMES.

BORN, 1818; DIED, 1879.

BY HON. ELWOOD EVANS.

Tyrus Himes, with his wife and their four eldest children, were of the emigration of 1853. They started for Monmouth, Polk county, Oregon, which had been the destination of several acquaintances in the preceding year. Loss of stock upon the plains had occasioned serious delay. The supply of provisions had become scant ere half the weary journey had been accomplished. Reaching at length the Rocky mountains, Mr. Himes fell in with a numerous train from Kentucky, *en route* to Puget Sound. Hon. James Biles, now of Tumwater, and among the most prominent and worthy of Washington's citizens, was leader of that band. In him, Mr. Himes found a sympathizing friend, one to whom he could recount his misfortunes, his doubts, his difficulties—yes, his necessities. That excellent Christian and model gentleman, who never turned the deaf ear to distress or misfortune, cheered the desponding, weary, care-worn fellow-traveler. Cordially he invited Mr. Himes to accompany the party to Puget Sound, promising to assist him through the journey. Mr. Himes was reluctant to abandon his original plan; he felt unwilling to place himself under so great an obligation to a stranger. But good Mr. Biles' straight-forworward, unselfish welcome prevailed. Mr. Himes gratefully accepted the proffered assistance, and thenceforward journeyed toward Washington Territory. The party whom he joined in the Rocky mountains constituted the Pioneer emigration into the basin of Puget Sound via the Nah-Chess Pass of the Cascade mountains. That hardy and heroic band, Pioneers in the true sense of the word, cut their road, cleared their way through the mountain-gorges as they marched onward to convert the wilderness into the homes of civilization. After a weary, tedious voyage across the great plains, worn out and fatigued, short of provisions, passing over a route never travelled before by their race, the winter approaching, their teams reduced to starvation—they labored on and triumphed over every difficulty.

He was born on the 14th of April 1818, at Troy, Bradford county, Pennsyl-

vania. At that period, his birth place was almost a frontier settlement. The admirable system of common schools, for which his native State has since become so noted, had not then been inaugurated. The subject of this sketch, in his youth, lived in a neighborhood where schools had not been introduced. Still he did not fail to acquire knowledge. While it was his great misfortune that there were no schools for him to attend, yet was he a close observer, rendered himself well informed, and in his later years became an extensive reader. At the age of 15, he was apprenticed to learn the trade of shoe-making, after which he acquired thorough proficiency in harness-making, tanning and currying. He was a worker. Throughout his long life, when not physically incapacitated by painful disease, it was impossible for him to be idle. During the hours assigned to daily labor, he was ever on the go. Mr. Himes was a man of iron constitution, great will, and in his early manhood of powerful physique and endurance, At the age of eighteen, he severely cut his knee with a drawing knife. He neglected the wound, took cold in it, and severe rheumatism followed. He suffered through a lingering illness of eighteen months, most of which time he was confined to his bed. He at length recovered health sufficient to get about. Reduced by long illness and acute bodily pain to a shadow of his former self, his weight decreased from 175 to 135 pounds ; he was no longer the man of erect habit and perfect limb, enjoying perfect health. His right knee had become bent nearly at right angle, and the joint permanently stiffened. Henceforth he was doomed to be the subject of chronic rheumatism.

On the 1st of May, 1843, he married Emeline Holcomb, of LeRoy, Bradford county. In 1845, returning and continuing ill health having disqualified him for work, he was induced to make a tour through the Southern States. The succeeding winter he remained at Bayou La Fourche, about eighty miles south of New Orleans, upon the sugar plantation of an older brother. The next spring, renewed in strength, he went to Rock Island, on the Upper Mississippi; thence, after a short stay, to Chicago, then in its infancy. In that *now* great emporium and centre of bustle and business, he was afforded the opportunity to purchase a quarter section of land just outside of that city, for the sum of $800. His trip had reduced his capital to $300. In this emergency, he appealed to an older brother to advance him the required $500. Tyrus had faith in the West—in that investment. His brother thought him wild and visionary, and, as he thought to save Tyrus from being sacrificed by what he termed a "wild-goose speculation," refused him. The rebuff disappointed Mr. Himes, but he was not one to be disheartened. If he could not buy land near Chicago, he could elsewhere. He located a claim at Lafayette, Stark county, and then returned to Bradford county, Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1847, with his little family, then consisting of himself, wife and infant son, (George H.,) then two

and a half years of age, he returned to Lafayette. He now devoted himself to farming, conducting also the shoe business in the town. His industry was rewarded with prosperity. But he had started toward the setting sun, and no half-way measures suited his ardent temperament. Illinois was "out West" from Pennsylvania ; but after the "days of '49," California and Oregon had become "The West." The Pacific Slope was Mr. Himes' goal. In 1852, he resolved upon going to Oregon. To resolve, was with him but the precedent of to perform. On the 21st of March, 1853, we find him, accompanied by his wife and four children, starting upon their tedious, wearisome pilgrimage across the plains. After seven months of toil and hardship, and danger from Indians, they arrived at Olympia, Washington Territory.

He took a donation claim of a half section of land, in the timber fringing a beautiful lake, and skirting a prairie, situated about six miles east of Olympia, on the road to Nisqually and Steilacoom. He commenced to drain this lake, to reduce to cultivation this huge forest, with its mighty trees, the growth of centuries. In October, 1855, the Indian war broke out, and until March, 1857, the families of Mr. Himes and his neighbors were obliged to leave their claims to take shelter in block houses. Impoverished by the war, with the view of affording to his children the opportunity to attend school, as also for himself to earn something to improve his farm, when not engaged in putting in crops and their necessary occasional cultivation, he pursued his trade, in the town of Olympia from 1857 until 1862. He then returned to his farm and ever afterwards devoted himself entirely to its cultivation.

During the last forty years of his life, he was subject to attacks of rheumatism in the stomach, from which, at times, he suffered the most intense agony. He bore it without a murmur, heroically, patiently, submissively, through those long weary years. Outside of the little family circle this was unknown, even to his nearest friends. None heard him complain. He always met them with cordial greeting, none dreaming but that he was in as good health as his flow of good spirits indicated. Bearing his burden, Christian hero that he was, he hobbled through life's weary journey ever kind and genial to all. It is but truth to say, he was always at work, never idle ; he had a good word for all as he hastened on to dispatch the several things he had to do, and then hurry back to his bench or farm. If nothing required attention, if the routine work was finished, he would, through sheer love of being employed, fill up his time by making work. He has been known to go out and dig up stumps, simply to be at work. He loved labor for its sake. To remove a stump of an old forest tree, centuries old, is truly labor, but good Father Himes never any more shrank from such a task than he would from weeding a garden or slashing brush, and

his model farm furnishes the evidence of what well directed industry will accomplish. To his pains-taking, persistent, steady work, the lake had been converted into the most luxuriant meadow, the heavy forest has become the garden where small fruits and early vegetables are supplied in the greatest profusion and excellence.

Uncomplaining, except at home, and only then when oppressed naature could no longer endure intense bodily suffering, he had gradually failed, and his family could see his disease was mastering him. Still he worked on. With his own hands he prepared and planted his early garden for 1879. The heavy rains of that spring overflowed the drained lake, the ditches proved insufficient to carry off the surplus waters—the garden was destroyed, his work was rendered abortive. He realized that he was failing in health, he felt that his former energy was deserting him, he grieved that his labor should have proved useless, he experienced that he had not time to do twice over the same work. Life was too short to be thus baffled near its close, and so this strong-hearted man was giving up. His strong will, that never forsook him, was now yielding. He fretted, and showed that small causes could now discourage him. At this time, (late in March), he wrote to his eldest son in Portland. It was his last letter, and it gave unmistakable indication that the father was anticipating the close of a life which had been laborious. It was the premonition that his best energies were failing. But he did not, would not, give up. He labored on. He was at the plow on the 22nd day of April, doing his accustomed share of the work of the farm. There was no need for him to be there. But if the work was to do, he would do it. He came in at noon, but could eat nothing. He was worn out. He had finished his earthly work. The strong man succumbed. His long infirmity had at length conquered. His strength failed him. His spirit sank within him. Plaintively he told the family he was too ill to work. In the evening, when the time came for milking, he wanted to do his accustomed share, but for the first time he asked his sons to relieve him of the task. Night followed, but with it came no sleep for him. He suffered through till morning, when the physician came, to bring but temporary relief. He could eat no food, take no nourishment, his stomach rejected everything. The strong constitution was hopelessly worn out. In the evening, conscious of early dissolution, he calmly summoned the family to his bedside, and bade them an affectionate farewell. Then the old man patiently waited for his eternal release from that agony and pain which so long and so often had been his companion. Till then he had been conscious of all that was passing. He soon became delirious, and so continued until 9 o'clock the next morning, when welcome death terminated his suffering.

A widow well advanced in years, several children, the majority of whom are

settled in life, and a number of grand-children, survive to mourn the loss of an aged and honored parent and ancestor. Among his children are several of Washington's best citizens. His eldest son is better known than the deceased father; worthy and enterprising as he is, he but imitates some of the most marked characteristics of his deceased parent. The Pioneers and old settlers are again reminded, that they, who carried American settlement to the shores of the Pacific are one by one passing away.

Tyrus Himes was an affectionate husband, the tender and loving parent, the steadfast friend. This feeble tribute to the memory of an exemplary man and good citizen, by one who knew him well for a quarter of a century, cannot more fittingly close than by adopting the words of an admirer and grateful friend of the deceased,—one who had been the recipient of his good offices, had lived for a time one of his household, who had the opportunity to learn his inner life, to see his many noble traits, and knowing him and them, loved his deceased friend and reveres his memory.

And in a letter to Mr. Himes' son, I wrote: "I deeply sympathize with you in your loss. It was to me, like the losing of and elder brother. I had no friend whom I esteemed higher, and none who, to the same extent, possessed my confidence. While a *child* might see much in a parent to admire, it is for a stranger to see and appreciate those qualities, shown in every-day life, which are the natural outgrowth of a comprehensive mind and an innate goodness of of heart. Your father, as a friend to a stranger, was a gem so rare that it is seldom to be met with. Such qualities comprehend what I call practical Christianity."

MORGAN L. SAVAGE.

Died February 9th, 1880.

Instead of the usual ministerial services at the funeral, at the request of his friends, Hon. J. W. Nesmith delivered the following touching tribute to the memory of the deceased :

FRIENDS:—We are assembled around the open portals of the tomb to do the last sad offices for our departed neighbor and friend, Morgan Lewis Savage. At 1 o'clock on yesterday morning, he breathed his last, and his remains in the cold embraces of death now lay before us, consigned to their last resting place. Mr. Savage was born in 1816 and came to Oregon in 1847. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. I shall not invade that sacred home to offer any poor consolation. Time—that relieves our sorrows will mollify their grief, while the memory of the departed will always be cherished in their hearts.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck this hallowed mould,
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod,
* * * *
And honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay."

Our friend has gone to "That undiscovered country, whose bourne from whence no traveler returns." He has passed the dark vale that divides the here from the hereafter, and which no mortal ken has ever penetrated. Who has the right to speak of his future ? I speak only of his past, that at least is secure. It is said that good men's deeds live after them. Judged by the rule of his good works, our friends' future is secure.

As I look upon the thin lines of old Pioneers that are here, I am reminded of the inevitable hour when we, too, shall follow.

"Our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

It was my fortune to know our deceased friend long and well. Very nearly a third of a century ago, when Oregon was a wilderness, and unreclaimed from the dominion of the savage Indians, we were fellow soldiers in the same battallion in the Cayuse war. Together we made long and dreary marches, and shared the rude comforts of the bivouac around the same camp fires; we divided the scanty rations, and alternately guarded the camp through the long dreary vigils of the night, while our weary comrades slept upon their trusty rifles. In the hour of peril I have looked in his manly face for that sympathy and support that one soldier expects from another, and I always found it. No man among us could have fallen who would be more missed than "Lute" Savage. He was honored by his neighbors with a seat in the higher branch of our Legislature, and in all his relations in life, as a citizen, soldier, legislator, husband, father, and friend, he did his whole duty, and acquitted himself with that honor and fidelity that renders his memory dear to us, his neighbors and friends. I hope that each of us may leave as honorable a record. You may engrave upon his tombstone—

HERE LIES AN HONEST MAN!

"The noblest work of God."

No cynic shall question the record by saying that you have written, "Not what he was, but what he should have been."

Here at the open grave of our friend, we tender our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved family—the sad melancholy surroundings here burden and oppress my heart, and paralyze my utterances, I will

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling trust repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

DONALD MANSON.

BORN APRIL 6, 1800; DIED JANUARY 7, 1880.

BY HON. WILLIARD H. REES.

The fur traders who spent many years of their lives in Oregon, during the first half of the present century, were actors in those interesting events connected with the early history and settlement of the North Pacific coast.

Many of those pioneer adventurers beheld the country while yet unchanged from the primitive condition in which it was found by the intrepid Gray on that eventful morning, May 7, 1792, when he passed in safety the surging billows that dashed upon the bar and anchored his bark *Columbia*, upon the placid bosom of the long sought, but hitherto undiscovered river of the West.

But few of those brave, strong men—harbingers of the downfall of the Red man's sway, and founders of the Anglo-American civilization upon the Pacific coast, were spared by old Time to witness the wonderful changes that have taken place in this land of wonders during the last score of years. Prominent among the few exceptions, was the venerable Donald Manson, who died at his home near Champoeg, January 7, 1880, aged 79 years and 9 months.

Mr. Manson was a native of Scotland, born April 6, 1800. His father was a farmer in easy circumstances, and Donald was sent to school with the view to prepare him to enter into mercantile pursuits; but other counsels prevailed, and young Donald received the appointment of a clerkship in the service of the Honorable Hudson Bay Company in the spring of 1817. Reporting himself at the London office, he was sent at once to Fort York on Hudson's Bay, headquarters of the company in America. Here he remained until the spring of 1820, when he was sent to Lake Winnepeg. While at that post, he first made the acquaintance of Dr. John McLaughlin, who was then a distinguished officer of the Northwest Fur Company. At this time, said Mr. Manson, Dr. McLaughlin was some 36 years of age, and as imposing in his person as he was

formable and far-reaching in his rivalship of the Hudson Bay Company. Always prompt, yet dignified in bearing, he had no equal in executive management at that day, nor thereafter in the vast fur-fields of the great Northwest. Soon after, these two powerful rivals in the American fur trade were united under the charter of the Hudson Bay Company. Dr. McLaughlin was placed in command of the Companies affairs west of the Rocky mountains, arriving at Fort George or Astoria, the then headquarters of the Columbia Department early in 1823.

In January, 1823, Mr. Manson received instructions to report to Mr. Samuel Black, chief of an expedition then preparing to explore the British possessions bordering on the Pacific coast. Said Mr. Manson, although I had been six years in America and traveled pretty extensively through the country draining into Hudson Bay and Lake Superior, I had in reality but a very imperfect conception of the great extent and grandeur of the American continent until crossing to the western watershed of the Rocky mountains. Here, amid the stupendous works of nature, those celebrated crags and deep shady dells of old Caledonia, upon which in my boyhood I had so often gazed with awe and admiration, were tame indeed, when compared with the broad plains, lofty mountains and vastness of the wild landscape which every where met the eye in this great land of countless wonders.

Prior to starting upon this hitherto unexplored northern route to the Pacific, I had seen the great plains of the Saskatchawan, doted as far as the eye could reach, with immense herds of buffalo and antelope, and as we neared the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, elk and moose were plentiful, but not until descending the western slope toward the Pacific, did we meet with and feast upon the delicious cariboo.

The Indians of the interior were generally found to be somewhat shy on first approaching their villiages, especially was this the case to the westward of Athabasca river, but this coyness on their part soon gave place to most friendly and liberal acts of hospitality. Their lodges were all inclosed with dressed buffalo skins. Their country abounded in game, lake fish of an excellent quality and nutritious roots ; yet, those Northwestern people of the interior, were the most provident Indians whom I have ever met. While the Indians near the coast, as we had reasons to regret, were more bold, deceitful and treacherous.

Mr. Manson at different interviews during the last twenty years, has given the writer a very interesting account of those wild, untutored tribes, their manner of living, strange superstitions, cruel forms of worship and surprising mechanical ingenuity found existing among these people of the North Pacific coast.

At the close of their explorations early in August, 1824, the expedition then

in the country now known as the Cassiar mining district, was divided. Mr. Black at the head of one division proceeded to the Columbia, while Mr. Manson in charge of the other with the journal and maps of the expedition, was to travel by way of Peace river and lake Athabasca to York factory on Hudson Bay.

The route by way of Peace river being somewhat circuitous, requiring a considerable detour to the north, the party did not reach lake Athabasca until late in the fall. Here Mr. Manson met an express sent out by Gov. Simpson, containing instructions to forward the report of the exploring expedition to York Factory, take charge of the western bound express and with four men proceed to Columbia Department and report to Dr. John McLaughlin in charge. Those strong brave men, who spent all the mature years of their lives in the wilds of the fur producing regions of the great Northwest, had entered into a solemn engagement with their respective companies to labor for the advancement of their interests and obey the commands of their superior officers. Neither the broad plains of the wilderness, the wild savage character of its inhabitants, lofty mountains, nor driving snow storms of mid-winter seemed to daunt the courage or obstruct the onward march of those hardy mountaineers.

Turning their faces from the midland post at Athabasca, they were once more *enroute* toward the setting sun. After a toilsome march over a most rugged country, Mr. Manson with his four men reached Fort Vancouver, Jan. 6, 1825. This young Scotch officer had been sent to the Columbia Department by request of Dr. McLaughlin, who, in 1824 removed the headquarters of his department from Astoria to Vancouver, where he occupied a new stockade fort, then just completed which was located upon the high point of land a short distance up the river from the present town. Mr. Manson was appointed by the Doctor, Superintendent of improvements at the post, with some forty men under his charge. Dr. McLaughlin finding this location upon the highland inconvenient on account of the water supply and shipping facilities, decided to begin at once the erection of a new fort on the site upon which the town of Vancouver has since been built. To this end, Mr. Manson was instructed to commence the work of building a new stockade, inclosing two acres of ground, which in due time he completed. This was the old Fort Vancouver so well remembered by all the surviving pioneers who found homes in Oregon during the second quarter of the present century, the old Fort Vancouver which under the wise administration of the late Dr. John McLaughlin controlled for nearly a quarter of a century the lucrative trade of a vast region of the Northwest, lying between the Rocky mountains and Pacific ocean. Dr. McLaughlin who for many years, exercised almost illimitable sway over the then new empire, as it were, of

the great Northwest, through his wisdom, justice and humanity has left to mankind a noble example, and his acts of benevolence will in due time adorn the pages of truthful history.

Soon after completing the new stockade at Vancouver, Mr. Manson with a force of men was sent via Nasqualla to Frazier river, where he selected a site and superintended the building of Fort Langley, situated on that river near the northern boundary of Washington Territory. Soon after completing this large fort, he returned to Vancouver.

In the spring of 1827, two Boston fur trading vessels entered the Columbia, the brig *Owyhee*, commanded by Capt. Dominas, and the schooner *Convoy*, Capt. Thompson. Dr. McLaughlin directed Mr. Manson to get ready the *Multnomah*, a river sloop and taking on board a cargo of Indian goods, was sent to old Fort Astor, (which had been abandoned three years before and was now a complete ruin) to oppose the Yankee traders. A sharp competition was at once inaugurated between these maritime fur traders and the Hudson Bay Company, which was every where the case with rival companies so long as furs continued to rule high in the markets of the world. While this competition was of the most persevering and vigilant character, the personal relations of the traders were always amicable. Festive entertainments were held by the officers on board their respective vessels, and in pleasant weather, on the site of the old fortress, where nothing but its fallen ruins were now left to mark the place where important national events had taken place but a few years before—here upon this historic spot on gaily days, would come in regal pomp, old king Concomily, his brother Scon-ich-ko, Che-nam-us the young chief, and Qua-luk or George, the interpeter on board the *Tonquin*, and only survivor of the disaster of that ill fated ship ; with an aggregate fleet from all the villages of more than a hundred canoes. Then would follow a feast lasting several days. Many of those present on these occasions were the same people who had seen Captains Robert Gray of the *Columbia*, and Broughton of the *Chatham*, who entered the river in 1792—Lewis and Clark who made the first overland journey in 1805—had witnessed the building of Fort Astoria in the wilderness and in the pride of her early prime, had heard the first report of her great guns come booming across the broad river, awakening the slumbering echoes of the mountain solitudes. Here, at the witching hour of twilight in bygone years, had proud old Concomly and his boasted thousand warriors, *ofttimes* listened to the resounding melody of the Canadian boat-song as they glided leisurely along through the sunset waters of one of the grandest rivers on the globe.

During Mr. Manson's stay at Astoria, one of the Companies ships, the *William and Ann* from London, with a cargo of supplies was wrecked on the bar, every

person on board perished. The Princess Chowa, daughter of Concomly, King of the Chinooks, who had been the wife of Mr. McKenzie, one of the Astor partners, but at this time was living in regal splendor at the Chinook villages, arrived at Astoria in one of her large handsomely decorated canoes, bringing the startling intelligence that a ship was being dashed to pieces in the breakers off Clatsop Point, saying to Mr. Manson, my canoe and men are at your service, I will take you to the scene of the disaster. He accepted her generous offer. Calling to his assistance Michelle Lafranboise, John McLain, a Scotchman, and Jack, a brave Kanaka sailor, and after a hurried preparation, they embarked with the Princess, sailing for Clatsop Point. When they arrived at the beach, the sun was low, the ship's boats, portions of the cargo and rigging were strewed along the shore for more than a mile. Several hundred Indians had collected along the beach, all wild with excitement, appropriating to themselves whatever they deemed of most value. They had found two casks of rum which they had opened and many were already intoxicated. Mr. Manson was not aware that the vessel belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, until finding the Captain's gig bearing his name, also that of his ship.

The Clatsop Indians persistingly refused to comply with the repeated demands of Mr. Manson to surrender the rum and other goods, saying this land is ours, and whatever the ocean casts upon these shores and is saved by our labor belongs to us. Seemingly determined to resist all overtures which he thought proper to offer, Mr. Manson's little party having been strengthened by the arrival of a half dozen Indians from Chinook Point, his party retired behind the first sand ridge where they had left their guns and other equipage with the Kanaka and Chowa's slaves. Here Mr. Manson informed the Princess and the men as to the course he intended to pursue, gave orders to march to the summit of the of the sand ridge where they halted, fired their muskets into the air, then deliberately reloading in plain view of the tumultuous Indians, he led the way directly to the crowd surrounding the nearest rnm cask. As they approached, the Indians divided permitting them to pass unmolested. Having no means of securing such large casks, he broke the head and the rum mingled with the waters of the ocean. Then followed by his party a few hundred yards down the beach he dispersed the Indians, and secured the second cask in like manner.

For this insolent exhibition and thefts which followed, Dr. McLauglin gave those Indians a justly merited chastisement which they never forgot, while the Princess Chowa and her few brave adherents were suitably rewarded.

Captain Dominas having sailed on a cruise up the Northwest coast, and the *Convoy* had gone into the Willamette river and opened trade a short distance below Clackamas rapids. Said Mr. Manson: Capt. Thompson of the *Convoy*,

was a man of fine social qualities, a skillful navigator, a lively trader, but knew little of Indian character. Having built a small block house at Astoria, I was recalled to Vancouver. Arriving at Multnomah village at the mouth of the Willamette, I was hailed by an Indian who had just come from the Falls ; he informed me that the Boston ship was aground. This was in July, when the back water caused by the annual rise of the Columbia was fast receding. The Clackamas Indians taking advantage of the stranger while in this hapless condition, had become so insolent as to endanger the safety of the vessel and crew. Hastening forward to Vancouver, I informed Dr. McLaughlin of the situation of Thompson's vessel and reported danger from Indians. The Doctor ordered Michelle Lafranboise to get a boat and ten men in readiness at once, gave me the command, and in less than an hour we were pulling away for the unfortunate ship, which we did not reach until the following morning.

Captain Thompson had acted imprudent by permitting to much familiarity, and allowing too many Indians to board his ship at one time. Thus to a great extent, had lost control of both vessel and Indians, who at that day were very numerous throughout the Willamette valley, especially at that season in the vicinity of the Falls. On my arrival, which was a complete surprise, the Indians immediately left the ship, and employed a large force of Indians who had not participated in these depredations, we having succeeded in relieving the schooner. The Indians were compelled to restore the stolen or extorted property and were duly punished by Dr. McLaughlin.

In this connection, I will mention one other similar circumstance which took place near Fort McLaughlin on Mill Bank Sound in 1832, while in charge of Mr. Manson. The brig *Lama*, Capt. McNeill a fur trader from Boston, entered the sound and was moored some three miles below the fort, where the Captain conducted a brisk trade for a few months. But as was too apt to be the case with inexperienced traders who understood but little of the treacherous character of the north coast Indians, permiting too much familiarity. They soon grew more impudent, boarding his vessel a few at a time, until some 40 or 50 were on deck. The Indians then defied his authority. This commenced early in the morning and the wildest confusion was kept up throughout the day. Late in the afternoon the Captain had managed to send two of the men to the fort with an earnest request for immediate assistance. Maning a boat with armed Canadians, I started for the *Lama* ; on rounding a point at evening twilight, the old voyageurs as usual singing one of their favorite boat songs. The vessel was now in full view, anchored near the beach. The attention of the Indians attracted by the resounding chorus of the Canadians, and were soon in their canoes pulling for the shore. The ringleader, a stalwart rascally chief of the village was still on board when I reached the deck. He was made prisoner and held

at the fort until his people had restored all they had stolen and satisfied the Captain for damages committed.

Capt. McNeill soon after sailed for the Sandwich Islands where he sold his vessel to Mr. Duncan Finalyson, agent of Dr. McLaughlin. Capt McNeill sailed the *Lama* to Columbia river, invested his money and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, became a Chief Factor and died at Victoria in 1875.

In 1827, Mr. Manson first visited the Champoeg villages to fit out the southern bound brigade. In 1829, in company with Dr. McLaughlin, made an extended tour through the Willamette valley for the purpose of making a careful examination as to its adaptability to agricultural purposes. But to recount in chronological order the more interesting events in which Mr. Manson has borne a conspicuous part during a life of 55 years upon this coast, would greatly exceed the limited space at my command. It must therefore suffice to say, he took a leading part in the construction and at different times had charge of nearly all the Companies forts on the Pacific side of the Rocky mountains.

When for a term of years, his company held a lease or fur trading privilege upon a part of Rusian America, for which Dr. McLaughlin paid annually a stipulated price in Oregon wheat, Mr. Manson was several times sent into those high northern latitudes. No man of his generation was more conversant with the history of the native tribes or possessed a more thorough knowledge of the country from the head of the Willamette valley to the frozen glaciers of Alaska, than the venerable Donald Manson. One of the most vigilant, sagacious and dauntless frontiersmen on the North Pacific coast, he was the officer upon whom Dr. McLaughlin relied to command the post of most iminent danger. In 1839, after a service of 22 consecutive years, he was given one year's furlow which he spent in visiting his native Highland home. His parents were then living. Said Mr. Manson, this was the great holiday of my life which, with a host of friends, I enjoyed beyond measure.

On his return to Vancouver in 1841, he learned that his old traveling companion, Mr. Black, with whom he had journeyed across the continent in 1823, had been murdered by Indians at Fort Camloops. Dr. McLaughlin sent him to that post to apprehend and punish the guilty parties, which was soon satisfactorily accomplished, as was also an insubordination which occured at Fort Stikine, resulting in the death of Dr. McLaughlin's son John.

In 1844, he was appointed Executive officer of the district of New Calidonia, continued to administer its affairs with his usual ability for 14 years, when he tendered the resignation of his commission to the Company which he had faithfully served for more than forty years. Having purchased of Dr. Newell his

donation land claim at Champoeg, in Marion county, Oregon, he settled here with his family in the spring of 1858. In the enjoyment of affluence, he spent large sums of money in improving and stocking his farm, all of which was swept away by the great flood of December, 1861.

In October, 1828, Mr. Manson married the daughter of Etennie Lucier, one o the Astor men, who came to Oregon with Capt. Hunt in 1811, and was one of the founders of the French Prairie settlement, where he located as farmer in the fall of 1827.

Calling at Vancouver on business in May, 1845, the writer had the gratification of being introduced by Dr. McLaughlin to Mr. Donald Manson and Dr. Whitman, then just arrived at the Fort. They were active, energetic, fine looking men in the full prime of life. After getting through with the long ceremonial supper, the social converse which followed during the evening was very enjoyable. Dr. McLaughlin had sent to headquarters his resignation, and was preparing to settle permanently at Oregon City. He spoke in very feeling terms of his long continued service and great attachment to some of his officers, and taking occasion to express to the company his admiration for the great energy and will-power which the two gentlemen above named were capable of exerting, at the same time relating a number of their performances to illustrate the peculiar qualities of his two friends. I retired that evening fully impressed with the Doctor's views.

Mr. Manson was six feet in height, symmetrically formed, of a quick military bearing ; yet one of the most affable of men, endowed with uncommon physical powers, a strong will united with true courage. Insubordination in the slightest degree was never manifested among the men under *his* command.

Fond of reading, he was quite conversant with the general literature of his time. A great admirer of old Scota's immortal bards, Burns the emotional, and Scott, their descriptive and martial poet.

Mr. Manson was a member of the Episcopal church, a man of true courage, he was content to cultivate and follow the better impulses of his nature, while the unpardonable sin of self-righteousness or false pretentions, found no abiding place in the manly breast of Donald Manson.

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